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## GREEN MANTLE.

A Tale of Old Manchester.



HERE were a good many of us at home; no lack of mouths to feed, and not too much to put into them; so when I had finished my schooldays—an event which occurred tolerably early—I was packed off to Manchester to serve an apprenticeship in a Manchester warehouse.

I had plenty of work there, and some little pay, and when my father had found me cheap lodgings in the

house of an elderly couple, and had arranged the payment with them so as to leave me a small sum for pocket-money, he bade me be a good lad and attentive to business, and left me to my fate.

My home was too far distant to admit of my visiting it oftener than once a year, when I obtained a brief holiday for the purpose, and I was terribly lonely in the busy populous town. I knew nobody, and was shy of making acquaintances: my companions in the warehouse were off-hand, rattling fellows, little suited to my taste; so I subsided into my quiet lodgings, read, or rather devoured, all the books I could lay my hands on, and grew up a solitary in the midst of thousands. One passion I had, and that was to hunt up every relic of antiquity I could possibly manage to travel to; and there was not an old hall nor an old church within a circuit of twelve or fourteen miles that I did not make a pilgrimage to.

The vestiges of old Manchester claimed particular attention, and I haunted the neighbourhood of the 'college' and the 'old church,' looking at the outsides of the old houses (I was too shy to think of asking permission to enter any of them) until I knew every chink and cranny in their

weatherbeaten faces, and came to look upon them as my most intimate friends. Some of them were public-houses, and I ventured timidly, and at intervals, into these, calling modestly for a glass of ale, and peering into the odd nooks and corners, ducking, under the heavy beams, and trying often vainly, to look through the old green glass which obscured the long low windows.

Well do I remember my first visit to the 'Old Sun,' 'The Poets' Corner,' as it was then, and is sometimes yet called—the reverence with which I entered its time-honoured walls—and the disappointment I felt at not finding within it any one in the least like what I thought a poet ought to be. I went afterwards at various times with the like ill-success; and at last I contented myself with the outside and most picturesque view of it, and left the poets to keep up their revels by themselves.

Thus it was that I grew up, working hard during working hours, and enjoying the books and the pipe which formed the occupation of my leisure, taking long rambles on foot upon the Sundays, and an occasional walk through the oldest, narrowest, and most tortuous streets I could find during the evenings of the week.

Long before my apprenticeship had concluded, I found myself permanently installed in the office, or counting-house as it was more grandiloquently called, and that, no doubt, was the fittest place for me; as years passed on, I became, by translation from stool to stool, packing clerk, invoice clerk, and book-keeper, obtaining an advance of wages with each change of position, until, as book-keeper, I was munificently paid at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and had reached the summit of my ambition.

As I got more money to spend, I purchased more books and made longer excursions; and at length, from my retiring habits and scrupulous punctuality, I was complimented in the office by the title of 'The Old Bachelor,' which sat very lightly

upon me. I made and attempted to make no friendships. During my brief visits to the library at the old college, indeed, I picked up a sort of acquaintance with one of its constant frequenters, the mustiest old bookworm in the lot, whom I found there when I went in and left there when I came out, and should have believed to live there but that I knew no candles were admitted, and that at night the books would be useless to him without them. He was a strange figure, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a neckerchief twisted round his throat in a sort of wisp, a pair of great goggle spectacles upon his nose, and with two, three, or four folios usually ranged round him, one for reading, the others for comparison and reference. I had the good fortune once to hand him a ponderous tome which had slipped from his knees whilst he was intent upon another placed upon the stand before him; and after that time, if by chance he glanced up, which might happen once in a month perhaps, whilst I was in the reading-room, I was sure of a kindly nod at least before he glanced down again.

Once, in a difficulty, I ventured to refer to him, and I was no little astonished by the flood of erudition poured in consequence upon me. He knew everything that had been written upon the subject, and gave me the key to my puzzle immediately, together with half a hundred references wherewith still further to elucidate it. Afterwards our relationship became almost that of master and pupil; and I may say that we became in some sort friends, though our only place of meeting was the library.

The rule in our office was, that every one employed should be there and at work at nine o'clock in the morning; and accordingly at twenty minutes before nine, precisely, I passed the clock in the old church tower on my way to it. I believe that every clock in the back street in Strangeways in which I lived was timed by my movements, much in the same way in which my watch was timed by the church clock as I passed. From long habit this com-

parison had become a necessity, and the only temptation I ever had to omit it was occasioned by the passing the same spot, at my precise moment, of a young lady dressed in a green mantle, whom I met morning after morning, and whose fresh, pleasant face I got to look for until I fancied that missing it would almost cast a gloom upon the day. It was long before I did miss it: month after month, through the long winter, wet or dry, hail, rain, or snow, at twenty minutes to nine I met Greenmantle, as I called her in my own thought, opposite the old church tower. Very soon I knew her as well as any old house in the city, or out of it, and could have described every fold in her dress and every feature in her sweet face, but I had no one to describe them to at that time, and I am not going to begin now.

I was a young man of five-and-twenty then, but as shamefaced as a girl: if I fancied that Greenmantle looked in my direction, I coloured to the top of my head, I believe, and hastened onward; if she passed without appearing to notice me, I was miserable for the day.

Gradually, I put together a little history for her, but as it was incorrect except in two of its more insignificant particulars, it need not be detailed here. She had usually a roll of music with her, so I knew she was a governess somewhere, and that was all I could make out with certainty. I wanted to know all about her, who she was, where she lived, what relatives she had, and, above all, I wanted to know *her*. I had got to love her before I had exchanged a word, or even a nod, with her. Her face was the index to all goodness, and I felt that I must win her, or die. If I was as shy as a girl, I was every bit as romantic; and I actually upset all the neighbours' equanimity by starting from my lodgings ten minutes before my accustomed time, and so persuading them that every clock in the street was ten minutes behind time. But I missed seeing Greenmantle. I ran back, indeed, just in time to see her skirt disappear in the distant crowd; but that did not content me,

and for weeks I became a true time-keeper again. Then I tried being late: I left my lodgings at the accustomed hour, indeed; but I loitered upon the road, and Greenmantle passed me almost at my own street end. I lingered and watched, but she went on and on until I could distinguish her no longer. Then I turned and ran,—ran at the top of my speed to the office, which I reached five minutes after nine, in time to find every one, from the master downward, speculating upon my being seriously unwell, or possibly 'defunct.' Thus things went till midsummer; I met Greenmantle, without appearing to recognize her, every morning, and I spent hours every evening in visiting places in which I thought it possible to meet with her; but, except at that precise spot, at twenty minutes before nine, I never had the luck to find her.

I had even begun to speculate upon the possibility of obtaining a day's holiday, in order to discover where she went to, and, possibly even, where she lived. I dwelt upon the idea, delighted, but the obstacles appeared insuperable. Could I say that I had urgent private business? Of course. But of what nature? I could not summon courage to tell a lie, and perhaps still less could I have told the truth.

One morning, Greenmantle did not appear. It was at midsummer, and we were busy with our annual balance-sheet: it was all but complete and I had to sign it: instead of Richard Naylor, I signed, 'Greenmantle.' I tore off the corner surreptitiously, spilled some ink upon the mutilated remnant, and toiled far into the night to produce a clean copy, which I had very nearly signed 'Greenmantle' again.

For the next week or two I was miserable: that Greenmantle must be enjoying her holiday, I knew well enough; but it was no slight deprivation to find myself alone, morning after morning, at the accustomed hour.

I determined I know not what: I would speak to her: I composed numberless pretty speeches; one or

two fresh ones for every day: I committed them resolutely to memory: I conned them over as I walked, in the office even; and I made mistakes in the books: my ledger, which no penknife had ever touched, was disgraced for ever: and still Greenmantle came not.

It was the middle of August, and I ought to have started upon my annual journey home. I stirred not, and made no sign.

At length I was ordered off. I was getting thin and ill, and my master saw it, and told me to go into the country for ten days. I obeyed in part; but instead of going into the country, I commenced a systematic search for Greenmantle. I questioned everybody: cabmen, policemen, porters: many had seen her, but none lately, and none knew where she lived. I was pursuing my search still, and a week of my leave had nearly expired, when, coming suddenly into the market-place, I saw Greenmantle; I was sure it was she, but some carts intervened, and before I could reach the spot, she was gone.

Here was new life, new hope for me! I spent long hours in the market next day, with Bowen's spectacles always looking at me and seeming to ask what I did there; but I was rewarded at last. I saw Greenmantle coming, and pushed towards her through the crowd. I reached her, and should have spoken: it was her mantle, but the bonnet was different, so was the face!

Here was disappointment doubly deep! I was reckless; my timidity had flown, and I spoke to the girl who wore the mantle I had been seeking so long. She was Greenmantle's sister. Greenmantle was ill; had been very ill; but she was better. Oh! yes, she was getting strong again; they did not live far from there. I was mad I believe, and I fancy the girl thought so. I bought grapes, oranges, apples, flowers, and I wanted to buy wine for her. I poured my purchases into the skirt of the green mantle, and insisted upon seeing it home. I sent messages of love, sorrow, happiness: I was grieved for this and happy at that, miserable

for the other; I was eloquent and beside myself. I talked more in the ten minutes which it took us to go through the market and to the top of Smithy-door than I had done for months before; and when I was dismissed at the door, I stood gazing absently at the old picturesque building which held nearly all I cared for, until I turned sick and faint from excess of joy.

I went there in the evening, and knocked timidly (after many efforts) at the door. The woman of the house told me Greenmantle's name. 'Yes, Miss Walton and her sister lived there: Miss Walton had been ill; but she was mending nicely; she would give my card, would say that I had called; would I wait then?' I felt very nervous, but I would wait, and in a few moments the sister came to me: Greenmantle had recognized me; Greenmantle would see me: would I walk upstairs?

It was an old-fashioned house, and I had never before seen one so charming; the stairs were of old oak, wide and spacious; I sprang up them with alacrity; three flights were passed, and then, in a large wainscoted, poorly-furnished room, I found Greenmantle, pale and propped with pillows, but with a pleasant smile of welcome on her worn, dear face. I could do no more than I had done, she said: they were well off, they were rich: at least they had sufficient to last them for some time: but she was glad to see me; it was like seeing an old friend. Then Greenmantle spoke of books, pictures, flowers; led me to my own subjects, and appeared to listen with interest. I was eloquent; I was inspired; I astonished myself in particular; but I had no time to think of it then. Her sister told me to go; Greenmantle was tired; but I might come again: the next day if I chose. I did choose, and I chose to go for many a day after. I haunted the neighbourhood of their lodgings; and I have a particular affection yet for the large old window near the top of the most picturesque old house in Manchester, that at the higher end of old Smithy door. From that window Green-





Drawn by J. T. Watson.

GREEN MANTLE.

(See the Story.)





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# GREEN MANTLE

[See the Story.]



mantle has often looked kindly down to me.

She recovered rapidly; her sister said that I was her best doctor; and after I had spoken my love, which I did soon, and without any very extraordinary bungling in doing so, she told me her plain, simple story. Their father was a tradesman in a distant town; they had been carefully educated, partly with the idea that they might have to fight their own way: father and mother had both died, suddenly, and almost at the same hour, and there was nothing left for them but

their piano and some trifling articles of furniture which their father's creditors had presented to them. They had an uncle in Manchester (he was in the next room, and I must get his consent); so they had come here, and Greenmantle had maintained both her sister and herself by her exertions as a governess. She had continued her sister's education too, and she hoped now that she could supply her place.

And so Greenmantle went, with a radiant face, to call her uncle; and I awaited, in fear and trembling, his much-dreaded approach. First I



heard a great clatter of falling books, then a merry laugh and a shuffling of slippared feet, and then the door opened and Greenmantle entered leading by the hand—my old friend of the college library!

I sprang to him; I think I should have liked to kiss him, for he shook me warmly by both hands, muttered something about being happy,—good boy, good girl, very good girl; and then he joined our hands together, and shuffled away to his books again.

And then Greenmantle made her confession. She had known me quite as long as I had known her: indeed she thought longer, for several times she had passed me whilst I was looking at my watch: she saw that I was punctual; she saw that I was fond of books; she guessed that I liked pictures; she knew that I liked flowers; she had known my name long since; she knew that her uncle had met me; and, crowning confession of all—but that was not made till after we were

married—she produced my portrait, which she had painted for herself in secret, after, as she said, she knew that I loved her, and hoped that I would some day tell her so.

So Greenmantle's sister began to pass the old church at twenty minutes to nine every morning, and for a little while I used to meet and to bid her 'good morning' there: but as soon as I had got my cage ready

I took home my bird; and now we have turned Greenmantle into a ringdove, leaving the owl and linnet to keep house together, till the linnet settles in her own nest (which, judging from appearances, will not be long first), and then the owl is to come to us, and I am to rummage both his books and his brains at my pleasure.

J. P.





## A TALE OF ALL HALLOW EVE.

## CHAPTER I.

'**T**HEN I may count upon you, old fellow?'

'Of course you may. I will do a friend's duty in standing by you till the last; and I hope you will do me credit by making an edifying ending on the day you are turned off.'

For a tolerably sensible man, Philip Thornton has a good many weak points; little superstitions are among them.

'There, there,' he says testily, 'don't talk of "the last," and "ending," if you please, Hawksley, in connection with my marriage. I hate the stupid custom of making jokes about matrimony, as if it was not as serious a thing as—'

'As death, or birth, or any other calamity that happens to us by the pre-ordained decrees of Providence.'

'There you are again—"death," and "calamity,"' exclaims Philip, bouncing out of his chair, and pacing the room; 'and as to marriages being pre-ordained, why—'

'Why, then, yours was made in heaven, I don't doubt, my dear Philip,' said I soothingly.

'Well, I hope so,' he answered, sitting down again. 'She is a dear, good girl, as true as steel, and as modest and retiring as—as—well, as girls are not always in these days. None of your ball-room flirts, or fast girls, I thank my stars! Guy, I wish Mary had a sister just like herself, for your sake!'

'Thank you very kindly, old boy; but my fate, as far as marriage goes, is fixed.'

'What!' inquired Philip, with a kind interest besitting a friendship of some standing. 'There has been some reason, then, for your never seeming to think about forming that tie: some disappointment perhaps.'

'I am waiting for the "hour and the woman," Philip, and the only disappointment in the matter is, that she is rather long of coming.'

Philip threw himself back in his chair with an ejaculation of peevish disgust.

'I never saw any fellow like you, Hawksley; one never seems to have your confidence, or to know your jest from earnest.'

'I am in veritable earnest now then, Philip; and to prove it, you shall have my confidence too, if you care about it,' said I, seeing that he was really ruffled. I was fond of Philip, and had no more intimate friend than he; but I do not know that I should have volunteered this confidence even to him, if it had not been for those very little weaknesses that I have mentioned as pertaining to him. No Turk was ever a more profound believer in fate than Philip Thornton; and though not in general very sympathising with my friend's superstitions, they certainly gained him on this occasion the relation of a very curious personal experience of my own, which though I was constantly pooh-poohing, and trying to find an every-day explanation of to myself, I should have been perversely annoyed and averse to hearing pooh-poohed, by any other man.

'Confidence be hanged!' grumbled Philip, still irate. 'I suppose I shall only hear again that you are waiting for the "hour and the woman," in company with the rest of unyoked mankind.'

'With a slight difference, in which, nevertheless, lies the very cream of the thing, that is what you will hear,' I answered, 'if you hear it at all.'

'Hear it at all! Oh! come now, no going back from your word, Guy. Pass the regalia—there couldn't be more heavenly aids to attention, and I'm only sorry, for your sake, that talking with one between your lips isn't as easy as listening. Shall we draw up to the window? The moonlight on the water and all that, sets off a story charmingly, when it's of a tender or romantic nature.'

'Only this isn't. But never mind, the moonlight will suit it well enough, as it happens. Philip, did you ever indulge in the weakness of

attempting to forecast your destiny in respect of matrimony, on "All Hallow" Eve, by eating the salt egg, halving the apple, and so on? No, of course you never did. But I—perhaps I had better begin at the beginning though, and in due form. While I was down in—last October, I made some very pleasant chance acquaintances with whom I spent nearly all my time, only returning at night to the rooms I had near Blythe. I dined with the Blairs on the last day of October, and we were very merry round the fire after dinner, burning nuts, and telling our fortunes from them. This led to talking about the charms for discovering your future husband or wife proper to the day, and to my laying a wager with Nelly Blair that I would go through any one of the mystical ceremonies she liked to appoint, that night, and relate the result to her the next morning. The bet was my Scotch greyhound Bran, against a little scarlet ribbon Miss Nelly wore in her hair: that I would return to my rooms that night; at twelve o'clock, set out the mystical supper, open the door, and await the spectral guest for one hour. The girls minutely detailed all the ceremonies proper to the occasion, and they sounded amusing enough, in the lighted dining-room, with many faces and plenty of jokes and laughter round one; but let me tell you, Philip, the aspect of things was slightly different when I walked into my solitary quarters at the old rambling house where I was located for the time being, shortly before twelve o'clock midnight. As far as I knew, my landlady and a maid-servant or two were the only other occupants of the house; and as my habits were anything but regular I was accommodated with a key wherewith to let myself in at any hour without disturbing the household. As I parted with Jem Blair at the door, and walked into the quiet house, which had that kind of hush upon it that one always notices on entering a house when everyone is in bed and asleep, I thought of my wager with something like distaste for the first time. I took the light that was left burn-

ing for me, however, and went up to my solitary sitting-room. A slight supper was set out for me as usual, but the fire had burned down to a mere heap of dull red ashes, and the low-pitched, heavily-furnished old room looked very ghostly and weird somehow, in the great flood of moonlight that poured in through the window. I thought then, and I've thought since, that I never saw moonlight so bright as it was that night. By some chance, too, there was only one candle on the table; and when I had lighted that, it left so much of the room in deep shadow, that I pulled up the blind to let in all the light I could get from without, not feeling inclined, under the circumstances, to pass an hour in semi-darkness, though the combination of vivid moonbeams and the dim candlelight made up some very odd and queer effects. I tried to stir up the fire into something like life, but it was too far gone, so I had nothing for it but to resign myself to perform the appointed ceremonies, though I felt less and less inclination for them every minute. Once, for an instant, I had even some thought of forfeiting the stakes, may Bran forgive me! but I could not have stood the inextinguishable laughter and triumph of the Blair girls over my lapse of courage; so I went up to the table, set out the plates, placed chairs before them, sat down in one, and helped myself to something on the table. But I felt a very decided reluctance to commence eating, or to look towards the open door, through which, according to tradition, the future partner of my life, something in her image at least, ought now to come gliding, to occupy the empty chair opposite to mine. I poured out a glass of sherry, but I had not touched it, when I thought to myself that a cigar would be a consolation.

'I wonder whether the lady objects to smoking,' I said to myself as I looked round the room for my cigar-box; 'but, however, as my future, the sooner she reconciles herself to the inevitable the better. Where the deuce are my havannahs? Ah! I remember taking them into the bedroom this morning.'

My bedroom opening out of the sitting-room, I walked into it without removing the candle from the table, knowing that I could put my hand upon the cigars immediately. The bed was a huge fourposter, occupying the largest half of the room, and I was carefully coasting round it on my return, with the cigar-box in my hand, when, as I came to a point that commanded a view of the other room, I beheld coming quietly and slowly in through the open door, the figure of a female—a lady—a young lady—whose face was perfectly unknown to me. Now, Philip, I am not ashamed to say that the queerest and most uncomfortable sensation I ever had in my life, went creeping through all my veins as I looked. I couldn't move. I stood stock still, staring at the thing, the spectre, the illusion, or whatever it was, as it glided up to the table, stood an instant with a kind of quiet expectant look on its face, which I can recal distinctly even now, and then sitting down, deliberately helped itself to something on the table, fruit I think, and either ate, or seemed to.

'But,' said Philip; 'did no possibility of some trick occur to you, man?'

'Not then, I am bound to say. I was so completely taken aback, floored, by the apparent success of the spell or charm, I had practised. And though I have thought the whole over often enough since, I am obliged to come to the conclusion that no trick on the part of the Blairs could possibly have been played me. I don't know whether the figure sat at the table five minutes or ten—all notion of time left me; but at any rate, before I could summon up courage to move, it rose from the table, walked to the fireplace, paused there a moment, then glided down the long track of moonlight on the floor, out by the open door, and so vanished.'

'And you never hit upon any explanation of the mystery?'

'No: but as soon as the presence, or whatever it may be called, was fairly away, the spell that held me vanished too. I dashed back into the sitting-room and out of the

door to see, if I could, what had become of it; but everything was quiet, and not a thing stirred in the passage, or on the stairs outside. I can't say I had a very comfortable night, but I slept late into the next morning, and while at breakfast I took an opportunity of asking the girl who waited on me, whether there were any lodgers in the house beside myself.

'No,' she said; 'there had been a gentleman, an artist body she believed, but he had left that morning.'

'What kind of person was he; what like in looks, I mean?'

'A tall gentleman, tall and stout, with a beard.'

Any idea that there might have been some masquerading on this gentleman's part for my benefit, vanished. The figure I saw was as slender as a willow wand; it had a delicate-featured face, and if one could appropriately describe a ghost as pretty, I should say this one was decidedly so.

'Very queer, certainly,' quoth Philip, meditatively; 'and you have never seen any one since that agreed with your remembrance of the—the—whatever it was?'

'Never, though I dare say you will understand that the idea that I may do so at any time gives me a weird kind of interest in all assemblages of the women folk. I feel sometimes quite like a mediæval hero on a quest. I am in search of my other half, the twin soul appointed to me from the—"the abyss of ages" will do, I think. No; but really, Philip, you have no idea of the patience and the amount of interest with which I waited and manoeuvred to get sight of a girl's face one day at the Royal Academy this year. She was standing before Frith's picture, but five or six deep off it, waiting a chance to cut in. There was a man with her, talking and doing the agreeable; and something in the pose of her head, I think, as she stood listening, reminded me of the figure I saw that night, and its half-pensive attitude at the table. I dare say I stood behind her for twenty minutes, biding my time, every minute adding to my convic-

tion that I should see the face I remembered so vividly, when I succeeded in seeing it at all, and beginning to feel a very odd sense of property in the young lady and a strong desire to huff the fellow who was infringing so palpably on my rights; when lo! a sudden swerve of my right-hand neighbour enabled me to move forward, and then I saw a face worth waiting to see, indeed, but not the one I waited for. I am afraid a good deal of the eagerness I had worked myself up into, was in my face when I turned to look at hers; she evidently thought me an awful cad, for her eyes glanced off me with the prettiest look of contempt possible, and she drew a little closer to her companion. There, Philip, you have my story—a story without an ending. The usual drawback to true stories: they manage things better in books.’

## CHAPTER II.

The change from the dank autumn evening without, to the light and warmth of the drawing-room at Huntlands, was pleasant enough, as Philip Thornton and I entered it five minutes before the dinner hour. The Villiers people (Mary Villiers was to be transposed into Mrs. Thornton three days from this) were all strange to me, but as Philip's friend and ‘best man’ on the approaching interesting occasion, I was receiving a great deal of flattering attention from the genial *mère de famille*, and being introduced on all sides to the numerous visitors gathered together for the wedding, when Philip, whom I had lost sight of since he had piloted me up to Mrs. Villiers, caught me by the sleeve.

‘Here, Guy, come this way a minute. I want to introduce you to Mary.’

‘With all the pleasure in life. I'm impatient for the honour myself, and have been trying if my instinct could not single her out from all this crowd of pleasant-looking girls. Do you know I half fancied that one yonder; no—she has

moved—look, this way, Philip—why! heavens and earth! who is that?’

I stopped short in our progress through the room as the words left my lips, the crowd of faces seemed to melt away and leave only one to my sight; that one I had seen but once before, that I had never forgotten, and should have known anywhere.

‘Who is *who*?’ said Philip, impatiently; ‘don't stand staring, man; come along; Mary is expecting you.’

‘I'm very sorry,’ said I, with a feeble idea of apologizing; ‘I'm coming this moment, but tell me who *that* is, first.’

‘What do you mean by *that*?’ responded Philip, still more impatient; ‘how am I to know whom you mean; the elderly party in the peacock's feathers, birds of Paradise, or whatever it is?’

‘No—no—no! the girl beside the piano, with the brown hair hanging loose.’

‘Why, *that*,’ said Philip, staring in his turn, ‘that is Mary; do you know her, Guy? God bless my soul! you don't mean to say’—he stopped short—a deep red glow flushing his fair, handsome face.

Yes, I did mean it, but I had not the heart to say so when I caught that look.

‘Some extraordinary resemblance there certainly is,’ I forced myself into saying; ‘but of course it cannot be what I fancied for the moment. I beg your pardon with all my heart, my dear old fellow; pray introduce me at once to Miss Villiers; see, she is looking towards us; she will think it odd.’

But after this *contretemps*, the introduction, my bow, my address was all a failure together. How could it be otherwise, indeed? How would you feel, I should like to know, if introduced into a crowded drawing-room to a young lady with whom you firmly believed yourself to have had a previous interview of the nature of the one I have described? Do you think your bow would be unimpeachable, your smile and manner perfectly easy and pleasant? I know mine was not; and felt morally convinced that I had made anything but the pleasing impression

I would fain have done on the lady who was to be my friend's wife.

How could I help casting furtive and stolen glances at the face which every moment seemed to identify itself more closely with that one indelibly imprinted on my fancy, and being awkwardly caught in the same? How could I fail of giving stupid and inconsequent replies to the dutiful attempts at talk made by Miss Villiers to Philip's friend, while my thoughts were wandering back to All Hallow Eve—the solitary room at midnight, the weird repast, and the ghostly visitant?

And then, by way of doing me honour, the bride elect was consigned to my care when we went down to dinner. I glanced down at the little white glove lying on my arm; its touch was scarce heavier than a snow flake. Did it hold a hand of flesh and blood? Was this white, gliding figure at my side the actual substance of the shadow that came to the ghostly supper? Was there something, after all, in charms and spells? if so, then—gracious powers! why, then this betrothed of Philip's at my side was not his, but mine! Or was I destined to marry my friend's widow?

I shall never forget that dinner nor my spasmodic attempts to talk easily of pleasant trifles and everyday things, while my mind was wildly revolving questions and possibilities like these. Everything—even that substantial banquet—acquired, so to speak, an unreal and ghostly flavour, just so often as I turned and saw Miss Villiers sitting beside me. She was very silent, too, for her neighbour on the other side was utterly absorbed in his plate, and I couldn't wonder that after a while, she did not seem to find my remarks worth replying to. I remember that I made one endeavour to unite my thoughts and my words, by asking Miss Villiers if she had been at Blythe last October?

'No,' she answered, 'I was at Pau last autumn, with my aunt.'

I am sure I don't know why I asked the question; the answer could scarcely have affected the matter

either one way or another. If Miss Villiers had even been in bodily presence at Blythe I could not suppose that she would have honoured an unknown gentleman at midnight with her unasked presence at supper in his private apartments; and if it was in spiritual guise that she came and sat down to the mystic repast, what did the whereabouts of her body signify? In the next room, at Pau, at Jericho, it was all one.

To add to my discomfiture, Philip was sitting opposite to us at table, and amid all the confusion of my thoughts, I could not but be sensible that he eyed me now and then with a queer expression on his face and a sombre light in his blue eyes. When the ladies left the table, I could not help watching Miss Villiers move away among them: that graceful, gliding motion was, alas! only another link added to the chain of my remembrance (the ghost had precisely the same walk), though I felt that Philip's eye was, as the song says, 'upon me.'

During the course of the evening, in the drawing-room, he sauntered up to me.

'Hawksley,' said he, with a by no means pleasant smile and manner, 'Mary has been complaining of you; she says you do nothing but stare and ask questions.'

That I was absurdly indignant at this accusation was, I apprehend, owing to the disturbed state of my mind; that is all the excuse I have for answering petulantly—

'If she does not like me now, it may be on the cards that she will change her mind some day.'

'What do you mean?' asked Philip, with that dark-red flush ominously visible on his face once more.

'Who can resist fate?' I answered, turning away.

'Hawksley, I will know what you imply,' said Philip, seizing my arm vehemently; 'do you hold to the preposterous idea that it was Mary who came to your room that night? Yes, I see that you dare to do so, in your face!'

My senses were coming back to me by this time. I was not going

to quarrel with Philip for any woman, phantom or otherwise.

'My dear fellow, don't I know that Miss Villiers was in France at the very time you are talking of?'

'In France! what does that matter if—' He stopped short. 'Guy,' he went on in a minute, almost imploringly, 'you must be mistaken—the—the thing that came to you, never could have worn Mary's likeness.'

How could I answer? I tried to laugh off any necessity for answering; but with a moody ejaculation Philip strode angrily away, and during the rest of the evening palpably avoided speaking to me. Then I tried to mend my fortune with Miss Villiers, and got openly snubbed for my pains; the lady pouted her scarlet lip and turned her white shoulder on me with so charming an expression of disdain, that once more I burned with a vengeful desire to make her change her mind, and her behaviour.

And so the evening came to an end somehow. The ladies retired, Philip disappeared also; but I sat far into the night in the smoking-room with one or two other late men, endeavouring to reconcile things over the midnight tobacco. Nor did I bestir myself very much betimes in the morning, so that the party had plenty of time to disperse on their several ways by the time I had dawdled away an hour over my breakfast, letters, and the morning papers. The drawing-room was empty, and the library ditto, when I sauntered into both; so taking down a book from the shelves, I established myself in comfort on one of the lounges, in this last apartment. I had not been there very long before who should come in through one of the French windows opening on the flower-garden, but Miss Villiers herself. She did not see me immediately; when she did, she hesitated a moment, coloured a little, and then bowed and smiled very sweetly. How pretty she looked with the crisp waves of her brown hair all blown about her shoulders by the fresh morning wind! much prettier in her simple morning dress, with the two or

three glowing autumn flowers at its bosom, than even I had thought her last night. She said something about every one being out, and her wanting a book, which I of course volunteered to find, and which, when found, somehow delightfully opened the way to talk.

Who shall limit the caprices of a lady? Not a trace remained this morning of the evident distaste Miss Villiers had shown last night to my unlucky self. If my presumption in looking at her had been a cause of offence then, it did not seem to be one this morning; and yet I'll swear that I did not sin less in that particular on this occasion, for how could I help looking at what was so very pleasant to behold? Far be it from me to sing in the churlish words of the old song, 'If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?' No; rather with the pious Turk I bow my head, and 'thank Allah for beautiful women!'

Fair for me! Ah! I did not dare let my thoughts run in that direction. I stedfastly did my best to keep the ghost at bay, and by the help of Miss Villiers' really charming conversational gifts, succeeded better than, from my yesterday's experience, I should have dared to hope. Never, within my remembrance, had an hour sped away so fleetly and delightfully as this, which Miss Villiers declared presently had elapsed since her first appearance. Indeed, I instantly declined to admit the idea of any such lapse of time; but she shook her head, laughed, and pointed to the clock on the chimney-shelf. 'I must run away now, and dress, for I promised, if I had a morning's rest, that I would drive over to Masham and pick some of them up, Mr. Thornton among them; so that—' she broke off, with an arch look, which I wished she had spared me, but added, after an instant's hesitation, 'won't you come too?'

'No, thank you—I'm sorry—I should like,' stammered I, confused, recalling Philip's demeanour of the previous night, and thinking it might be as well not to appear on



suddenly friendly terms with Miss Villiers, considering all things. And yet—how I should have liked that drive through the gorgeous autumn woods, bright with the solemn glory of the dying year, and with—well—yes, with as pretty and pleasant a companion, as Miss Mary Villiers.

Instead of which, I took a solitary stroll in the quaint old-fashioned grounds that surrounded the house; and bending my steps homeward in the dim gloaming, I managed to utterly lose myself in a labyrinth of winding walks, fenced in with magnificent holly hedges, that rose far above my head. The air was very soft and still; the fast thinning leaves on the trees stood out transparently dark against the pale green of the sky, where one star was shining just above the orange streak on the horizon; and as I involuntarily stood still to look on this calm beauty, there broke a sound into the stillness that marred it all in a minute.

'I do believe it is all owing to that abominable Mr. Hawksley,' said an indignant voice—a feminine voice—a very sweet one. Miss Villiers' voice, in fact.

Something between a growl and a groan was the only answer, in a masculine one, which I justly concluded to be Philip's.

The speakers were evidently on the other side of the hedge, and imagined themselves in complete privacy, and I was too much astonished at the moment to move on. Before I recovered myself sufficiently to do so, the indignant voice took up its burden once more.

'I am convinced that your behaviour to-day has been the result of something that horrid man has said. There, Philip, you cannot deny it. I demand to know what it is, sir! instantly! Detestable creature! I disliked him, the instant I saw him,' ('Oh Lord! poor I, I thought); 'I know that under no circumstances whatever could I tolerate, or be civil to him.' ('That's a story, anyway, my dear Miss Villiers,' muttered I; 'witness your charming demeanour to me to-day.') 'And—and—but oh! Philip, how could you, could you—the voice

faltered, broke, and then the quiet evening air was stirred by a sob. I waited to hear no more. I fled swiftly up one path and down another, and at last made my way out of the confounded place, hurt, indignant, and yet conscience-stricken, too; for of course I knew that if Philip's conduct to his betrothed had been otherwise than it should have been that day, in all probability my unlucky communication had been at the bottom of it.

Oh! that evil hour in which I had rashly engaged in unhallowed doings, out of vanity and bravado! And what was to be the end of it all? Already it had nearly lost me my friend, perhaps it might lose my friend his bride, and certainly it had begun to set my thoughts wandering after a woman, whom honour and conscience forbade me to think of, though all the spells ever practised had showed her to me as mine. What must I do to restore matters to their original footing? Alas! could that be done by anything in my power?

After resolving many things, to relieve everyone of my disturbing presence with all despatch seemed the only thing possible, under the circumstances; and, determining to find means for doing this, I descended to the drawing-room. No one had made their appearance there as yet; though I had scarcely walked to the fireplace, when in came Miss Villiers, dressed for dinner, smiling, serene, and charming. Up she came to me, with a pretty smile, and gesture of greeting, but remembering 'the horrid man,' and 'detestable creature,' I was not to be taken in, though I emulated her hypocrisy with what skill I could. But what man's acting, in these little social lies, can equal a woman's? I felt myself only a clumsy imitator, and was glad at heart when the door opened to admit Mrs. Villiers.

'Why, Mary, you shame us all by your punctuality; and you, who have every right to be lazy, too!' said she. 'Do you know Mr. Hawksley, or is an introduction necessary?'

'Scarcely, I think,' said I; 'I had the honour to—'

But here Miss Villiers looked up at me brightly, repeating—

'Hawksley—I wonder whether your name is Guy, also?'

'That is my name, certainly; may I ask why you wonder?'

'Ah! thereby hangs a tale: I think I must tell it you; for it would be odd enough if you should turn out to be my—I mean,' she said, correcting herself precipitately, '*the* Guy Hawksley.'

She looked so wonderfully bewitching as she spoke, colouring and smiling the while, that I scarce knew what I felt, or what I should have said the next moment, when a whole flock of people poured into the room, Philip among them, looking very sad and sour.

He was coming towards Miss Villiers, I think, but stopped short and turned away, when he saw me. Miss Villiers glanced up at me, smiling.

'Is Mr. Thornton always like that, or must we suppose him just now oppressed by weight of happiness?'

'You horrid little hypocrite!' thought I, with another of those fierce revulsions of feeling I seemed doomed to feel towards this creature.

'Because,' she went on, 'I have observed nothing but cloudy looks, and curt answers from him to-day; and I was putting it down to—'

'To that abominable Mr. Hawksley,' I said, with a bow towards her.

'To you? oh dear, no!' said the sweet little storyteller, with an air of the most naïve surprise in the world.

'Miss Villiers, I was in the labyrinth an hour ago,' said I, gravely.

'Were you? dear me! I was there too about that time, and I never saw you,' she answered, quite unabashed. 'It would not be a very safe place to tell secrets in.'

'Nor to express one's opinion of one's acquaintance, madam.'

She looked at me for an instant, and then burst into a merry laugh.

'One would think you had heard a very unfavourable one of yourself, by your looks, Mr. Hawksley.'

'Well, I will own that to be so emphatically declared a "detestable creature," and a "horrid man," by the lady who is to stand in so close

a relation to my oldest friend,' I began, and then broke off, puzzled at the merriment in the bright eyes of the lady I meant to abash.

'Did Mary say that? I don't believe she meant it, then.'

'Mary?' repeated I.

'Yes; for I suppose you are speaking of my cousin, Mary Villiers, are you not?'

'But I imagined myself addressing Miss Mary Villiers.'

'I am Mary Villiers, certainly; but I am not Mr. Thornton's Mary. What, Mr. Hawksley! have you really been taking me for my cousin? Ah! we used to be thought quite absurdly alike; but they say the resemblance is not so strong now. I only came this morning. I have been all the summer in Germany with my brother; but of course I came over for Mary's wedding. Look, here she comes; you will see all the difference when we are together. Mary, my dear, Mr. Hawksley has been doing me the honour of mistaking me for you.'

The one Mary made me a stiff little bow; the other looked at me, smiling and blushing. What an idiot I had been! In spite of a similarity of height, figure, complexion, and even features, I thought the two as unlike now; as one, at least in my eyes, was a thousandfold the most charming. I was not troubled by any doubts as to whether this little hand, that I managed to get hold of, during a propitious moment on the staircase as we went down to dinner, was veritable flesh and blood. It thrilled in mine with a warm living touch. I held it closely, as I claimed the promise of her story.

'Please, don't,' said the sweet voice, imploringly; 'I mean, don't quite ruin my new glove. I will tell you the story very willingly; but I don't think you will prove Hawksley, the hero of it. There—there—the story has no hero, to speak of. You must know, then, Mr. Hawksley, that my brother is an artist, if he is anything at all, and that last summer, during a sketching tour, he stayed a week or two at an old rambling house, down at Blythe. Sometimes he is good-natured, and takes me with him on

these rambles, which I enjoy immensely; but during the time he was at Blythe, I was paying a visit at a friend's, about twenty miles off, and only joined him on the day before he left, that we might return home together. It was nearly evening when I arrived, and I was too tired to do anything but rest after dinner; but it turned out such a glorious moonlight night that, when bedtime came, Alfred declared that he could not stay in-doors, but must stroll up to some old ruins, half a mile off, to see how they looked by moonlight. Then I took a sudden fancy to go with him; and telling the old lady of the house not to sit up, for that I could find my room quite well, we went out, and strolled about the ruins till near midnight, I think. I don't believe Alfred would have gone back then but for me. And when we reached the house, he let me in through a side-door that was often left open for him, and said that he would walk up and down till he had finished his cigar, and that would not take him many minutes. I went in alone, threw down my hat and shawl in the hall, and walked upstairs into Alfred's room, when I saw the door open, a light burning, and supper laid. I sat down and waited a few minutes for my brother; but as he did not come, and I was getting very sleepy, I ate some of the fruit, and then got up with the intention of going to bed. As I did so, it suddenly occurred to me that I had not noticed a queer old china image on the chimney-piece in my brother's room, which was certainly on this one. I went up to the fireplace, and there saw a bracket full of letters, all with one name on them, "Guy Hawksley, Esq." This made me look round me more attentively; and then I became suddenly alive to the fact, that I was in the wrong room!—that I had mistaken another for my brother's! You may think with what haste I retreated, and how I congratulated myself on my good fortune in not being caught in my involuntary intrusion.

'Alfred laughed heartily the next morning when I told him of my

adventure, and said that he believed there was a Mr. Hawksley staying in the house, but that he was scarcely ever in, and that they had never happened to cross each other. But I have often wondered since, whether I should ever chance to meet the gentleman whose supper I ate, and whose room I made so free with.'

'And whom you conferred greater happiness on by so doing, than you can possibly guess,' said I. 'My dear Miss Villiers, I am very proud to acknowledge myself your—I beg your pardon—the Guy Hawksley, whose supper you did him the honour to partake of, on "All Hallow Eve."'

Miss Villiers blushed up rosyly, and the look in her bright eyes was as pretty a thing as a man need wish to see.

'All Hallow Eve, was it?' she began, and then stopped short; nor did I pursue the subject just then. But I went and drew my chair close beside Philip's, as the ladies left the table, and made confession of my unlucky blunder between the two Marys.

'And as the two girls are wonderfully alike, I hope you will forgive me, Philip, for mistaking one Mary for the ghost of the other.'

'My dear Guy, the only thing that puzzles me is, how you could mistake one for the other. My Mary is a hundred times prettier than—'

'That's a matter of taste,' said I, shortly; 'and a lover's opinion, may not, excuse me, be thought quite—'

'There, don't let us be a couple of fools,' interrupted Philip. 'For my part, I'll own that I haven't taken quite kindly to the idea of an early grave, so that you might marry my widow; or to my friend's running away with my sweetheart; but now that's all done away with, why, here's to our old fellowship, Guy, and the lady who supped with you on All Hallow Eve, for I see the charm foretold the event.' As I am happy to say, it did; and my wife and I make it our practice to hold a festival yearly on the last day of October, in memory of that Eve of All Hallow, that opened our acquaintance.

J. R. M.

## TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM TAYLOR AND  
CHARLES READE.)

TO the scaffold's foot she came :  
Leaped her black eyes into flame,  
Rose and fell her panting breast,—  
There a pardon closely press'd.

She had heard her lover's doom,  
Traitor death and shameful tomb—  
Heard the price upon his head,  
'I will save him!' she had said.

'Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,  
She will weep, but Ruth will do ;  
Who should save him, sore distress'd,  
Who but she who loves him best ?'

To the scaffold now she came,  
On her lips there rose his name,  
Rose, and yet in silence died,—  
Annie nestled by his side !

Over Annie's face he bent,  
Round her waist his fingers went ;  
'Wife' he called her—called *her* 'wife !'  
Simple word to cost a life !

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay ;  
But she coldly turned away :—  
'He has sealed his traitor fate,  
I can love, and I can hate.'

'Annie is his wife,' they said ;  
'Be it wife, then, to the dead ;  
Since the dying she will mate :  
I can love, and I can hate !'

'What their sin ? They do but love ;  
Let this thought thy bosom move.'  
Came the jealous answer straight,—  
'I can love, and I can hate !'

'Mercy !' still they cried. But she :  
'Who has mercy upon me ?  
Who ? My life is desolate—  
I can love, and I can hate !'

From the scaffold stair she went,  
Shouts the noonday silence rent,  
All the air was quick with cries,—  
'See the traitor !—see, he dies !'

Back she looked, with stifled scream,  
Saw the axe upswinging gleam :  
All her woman's anger died,—  
'From the king !' she faintly cried—



Illustration by T. Martin

## TWO LOVES AND A LIFE

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CHARLES READE.)

TO the scaffold's foot she came;  
Leaped her black eyes into flame,  
Rose and fell her panting breast,—  
There a pardon slowly press'd.

She had heard her lover's doom,  
Traitor death and shameful tomb—  
Heard the price upon his head,  
"I will save him!" she had said.

"Blood-eyed Anne loves him too,  
She will weep, but Ruth will do;  
Who should save him, save distressed,  
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came,  
On her lips there rose his name,  
Rose, and yet no voice was there—  
Death marked her the while.

And Anne—  
"Who will save him, save distressed,  
Who but she who loves him best?"  
"Who but I?" she said.

At Anne's breast the pardon lay,  
And she slowly moved away—  
He had sealed his traitor fate,  
"I can love, and I can hate."

"Anne is his wife," they said;  
"Be it wife, then, to the dead;  
Since the dying she will mate:  
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;  
Let this thought thy bosom move,  
Cause the poison slower straight—  
"I can love and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" they cried. But she:  
"Who has sworn upon me?  
"Who? My life is doubtful—  
"I can love and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stair she went,  
Shouts the morning silence sent,  
All the air was quick with men,—  
"See the traitor!—see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,  
Saw the sun upwinking gleam:  
All her woman's anger died,—  
"From the king!" she faintly cried—





Drawn by T. Marten.]

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'From the king. His name—behold!  
Quick the parchment she unroll'd:  
Paused the axe in upward swing,—  
'He is pardoned!' 'Live the king!'

Glad the cry, and loud and long:  
All about the scaffold throng,  
There entwining, fold in fold,  
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast  
Annie's tearful face is press'd,  
While the white lips murmuring move—  
'I can hate—but I can love!'

W.S.

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### A BREAKFAST PIC-NIC IN INDIA.

FOUR bachelors, amongst whom was myself, started at daylight on the 2nd of May, 1865, for a 'breakfast' pic-nic. The heat of the sun, the peculiar glare reflected from every surrounding object, and the indescribable, listless monotony of an Indian day, renders a pic-nic in this country almost an impossibility, as far as English notions are concerned. But having obtained leave to visit the hill station of Mahableshwur, where the climate is cooler, and the breeze refreshing, we determined on keeping up English customs, and enjoying a rural meal. Breakfast was sent out to a delightful spot about nine miles from the station, and at the time mentioned we wended our way thither. Two of the party rode horses, and I, having a country cart, gave a seat to the third friend, and drove the whole distance. The morning was cool and pleasant, and the birds chirped at us, on our way, as if they were astonished at being roused so early and wanted to go to sleep again.

Up hill and down dale, round precipices, across rivulets, on we went, till a white, domed-shaped building, very like a large tent, struck on our view, and we knew the village of Mahableshwur was at hand, and that half the distance was accomplished.

All mankind are mortal, and however romantic and sentimental

we might have become at another period of the day, the very ordinary and commonplace feeling of hunger prevented our halting for more than a moment, and the savoury smell of a waiting repast lured us onward, regardless of the beautiful scenery and interesting associations of this sacred village. Again up and down, across bridges of the most primitive construction, and over stones that seemed to grow out of the ground purposely to annoy us, and retard our progress; (they certainly had no earthly use else). Now crossing a blackened plain about half a mile in extent, the result of a jungle fire amongst the underwood and 'bracken,' and presenting a desolate spot amongst luxuriant vegetation and thick shrubbery, we arrived at Elphinstone Point. This is the extreme end, or 'point,' of one of the ghauts, or mountain ranges that run along the western coast of the Bombay Presidency, and on the flat summit of which Mahableshwur is situated. Four thousand feet above the sea, a cool climate and sea breeze are always to be obtained, and the prostrated, heat-stricken Indian revives, and breathes again.

From this spot a magnificent view is to be seen, stretching for miles in front towards the sea, the even appearance of the plain below being relieved by ranges of smaller hills, and here and there a larger and apparently fortified mountain.

The history of this plain is associated with the Mahratta kingdom and its supremacy, and to each hill may be attached some historical account.

Proceeding round the edge of the cliff a finer view unfolds itself. When we arrived, the valleys were filled with dense, snowy-white clouds, which spread over the scene as far as the eye could reach, and kept rolling up with magnificent effect till the edge of the rock on which we were standing was lost in a mass like the finest cotton wool; and a sensation of insecurity, and as if we were in a balloon, sailing no one knew where, made us clutch each other, and almost hold our breaths. Here and there the summits of the highest hills rose through the clouds and seemed like islands in the arctic regions.

By degrees the colour of the scene changed to a light grey, and a general thaw commenced; the view unfolding as a panorama, while the mist floated up the valleys, and disappeared like immense cobwebs.

Now we found ourselves at Arthur's Seat; so called from the generosity of a gentleman whose Christian name was Arthur, and who, himself a lover of scenery, and yet, like other mortals, given to hunger and thirst, had erected a cosy shelter, and set a table inside on which to place food for the inner man. There it was, too, when we got down, and we did ample justice to it. Strawberries, peaches, grapes, chicken and ham pie—but why enumerate what our friend had so sumptuously provided? 'Sufficient unto the day' was the breakfast thereof. Passing through the small hut, and taking a sheep-path down a small slope, we came on to the edge of the precipice, and below us lay the flat plain of the Konkau. A clear drop of nearly five thousand feet did not assist in producing a steady feeling, as we clung to the branches of a tree, and looking over discerned at the bottom a small village almost like a plaything, with minute objects moving about, like ants round their nest. The sacred river, the Sairtree, sprang from the rock at our feet, and, trickling over the side of the scarp, glistened in

the sun's rays as it was lost in spray from a projecting piece of rock.

The valley was intersected by the winding of the bed of the river, and its banks were here and there dotted with dark-looking masses, which from the white streaks of smoke must have been hamlets and villages. To our right stood an enormous mountain, that at one time must have sheltered the handful of the Mahratta army, when besieged by the Mahomedan forces below; and to the left Pertabghur, the fortress and residence of Sivajee, the Mahratta king, and founder of that dynasty, stood out in bold relief. It was at this place that the Beejapore Commander-in-Chief was foully murdered by Sivajee. The history is dwelt upon at length, in the novel entitled 'Tara,' a Mahratta tale, but the facts were briefly these:

Sivajee, the Mahratta chieftain, had been leading a piratical and plundering life for many years, the terror of the plains and the fear of all neighbouring tribes.

The war for his capture had continued for a long season, and at last terms of capitulation were proposed by the lawless chieftain from his fortress at Pertabghur. The offer was received with favour by Afzool Khan, the chief of the Mussulman army, who proposed to meet Sivajee half way up the hill-side and arrange matters. Sivajee bargained that the meeting should be private, and as little attended as possible, three horsemen being allowed to each of them. The meeting was to take place on a narrow path, where two cannot pass, and at the appointed time the chieftains approached each other. At the first embrace Sivajee, who had armed himself with a 'wagnuk' (an instrument like a tiger's paw, with steel claws), tore open the stomach of his adversary, and thus treacherously murdered him. The few followers that accompanied him were slain, and the force rushing out of the fortress easily vanquished and routed the astonished and panic-stricken army of the Mussulman. The tomb of Afzool Khan is shown to visitors, and is kept in repair by the English Government,

as one of the landmarks of the Mahratta dynasty.

After some conversation, and further refreshment, we determined to return and to visit the village of Mahableshwur on our way home. Before leaving we took a farewell view of the magnificent landscape before us, and we were interested by watching the hoverings of a hawk, many thousand feet below, and its occasional dartings at some unfortunate victim. The colour and variety of shading that the surrounding rocks now presented were indescribable, and the abrupt range of bare black peaks, of a singularly wild and savage character, which formed the further side of the tremendous chasm we were looking into, were fearfully grand.

What a powerful agent Nature has in water, thought I; and nowhere could such an idea of its almighty power be formed as in looking at the chasms furrowed out of the trap rock that forms these hills. One valley, extending over thirty miles, owes its origin to the constant trickling of the mountain stream for thousands of years; and the small rivulet that was flowing forth beneath our feet was silently but surely increasing the immense gorge we were contemplating. Surely 'continual dropping weareth away stone.'

We got to Mahableshwur without any event of interest, and whilst refreshing the horses we visited the temples that have been erected there. From this spot, perhaps the holiest in India, rise, it is imagined, five rivers, all held peculiarly sacred; and it is this small dilapidated settlement that is worshipped as the birthplace of Krishna, one of the Hindoo divinities. Amongst these hills, 'he is supposed to have played, and sported with his attendant maids.' Temples have been built over the spring and course of the holy water, and the entire village has become a Brahmin settlement. We visited the temples. In the first we found two large tanks, into which the water was conducted in a very small stream

through the body of a carved stone bullock, from its source in the rock. In the upper tank numberless natives were bathing, and washing, and on the stone parapets around sat fat and indolent Brahmins, anxiously waiting to receive the offerings of the deluded and ignorant votaries of the shrine of Krishna.

Diseases cured, riches bestowed, life prolonged, and eternal safety and happiness were the supposed benefits derived from bathing in this muddy, greenish, and almost putrid tank, and certain salvation followed the presentation of gifts to those wretched priests devoted to idolatry and the foulest forms of licentiousness.

The river now disappears, and appearing again some short distance lower down the hill-side, it is ushered through the centre of a second temple, and sent, under the especial protection of an emblem of Krishna worship, over the side of a precipice, many thousand feet deep, into the valley below. At this season the stream is imperceptible, but during the rains it rushes forth to heal and save the Hindoo, and at any rate to cleanse and sanitarily improve their villages and condition.

Both the temples are in a state of decay, and it only adds another proof to the degrading influence of heathenism, that the holiest part of India is so neglected, their temples allowed to fall to ruin, and that the very element sent by the Almighty to benefit and improve mankind is, by foul and filthy use, and contamination, rendered positively injurious and deadly.

At certain seasons crowds of pilgrims visit this shrine, and their wretched condition, unsanitary customs, and overcrowded but underfed state engender disease and death amongst themselves, and spread sickness and mortality around.

Such were the things we saw and did at our 'Breakfast Pic-nic.' We reached our homes about noon, tired, but improved in health.

J. J. P.

## THE SOUVENIRS OF A MAN OF FASHION.

## NO. II.

I AM writing with a tremulous hand—not from physical infirmity—not because I dined with Lord E. yesterday and took more than my ordinary quantum of sherry and port. No! I tremble because my mind is much moved by a recent occurrence—Combermere is gone. I had a great regard for Lord Combermere. He was a true English gentleman—brave as a lion, hospitable, straightforward, unpretending. I remember him as Sir Stapleton Cotton. He had just returned from the Peninsula, where, for five years, he had led the cavalry of the Duke's conquering army, and so led it that 'old Douro' asked a favour for him of royalty, though he would not ask one for anybody else, excepting, I believe, his great and good lieutenant, Lord Hill. If Combermere had a weakness, it was for glitter. *Le Lion D'Or* was the *sobriquet* he earned. His housings, his appointments, his weapons, his plate, all bore the impress of his passion. To be sure, the gold which had done duty in camp and in many a charge was somewhat tarnished; but the lustre of a well-earned success on the battle-field more than counterbalanced the dull hue of the faded lace. The viscount, among the other rewards showered upon him, obtained the lucrative India command in chief, and there he demonstrated that a cavalry soldier can make a good siege-general, for he took the hitherto impregnable fortress of Bhurtpore, which had so thoroughly baffled Lord Lake twenty-three years previously. Lake thought that the stronghold was to be carried by a *coup de main*, and he failed. Combermere had the prestige of Hindoo prophecy in his favour, but I do not think that this alarmed the Jâts or led them to relax in their defence. It had been predicted that Bhurtpore would one day be swallowed up by a combe, or crocodile, and in the similarity of the name consisted the realization of the prophecy. But my old friend

did not rely upon the agency of 'juggling fiends.' He trusted to good engineering. He advanced by sap and mine, burrowing in the earth until he had got some hundreds of pounds of powder placed beneath two bastions, and then!—up rose a dark cloud of dust—a dull roar as of fifty pieces of cannon discharged at once—then down came huge lumps of earth into the ditch. The bugles sound—the forlorn hope of the 14th and 59th foot rush forward, followed by the entire regiments and two or three corps of sepoys; and amidst the thunder of artillery, the clash of scymitar against helm, bayonet against target, the loud hurrah and the war cry of Jât and Pathan, the stormers carry the breach. The rightful heir is placed on the musnud *vice* the usurper, Dhurjun Sal, and Combermere becomes a name of terror among the ill-disposed native chieftains, and a name of glory among the English. The old aristocratic civil and military servants of the East India Company were proud of my departed friend, and to this hour, I understand, a full-length life-sized portrait of the hero of Bhurtpore decorates the Bengal Club dining-saloon. He left India about 1830, and enjoyed thirty-five years of life, after that, in England. Married three times, he was singularly fortunate in his third wife, a lady of rare accomplishments, loved by all her friends, honoured by our gracious queen. Absence from England for six years prevented my seeing much of the *Lion d'Or* or *Doré* latterly, but I remember him in 1858, gay, graceful, cheerful, spending three or four hours in the House of Lords, then assisting at one of his wife's *soirées* with a kind word for every guest. He was ninety-one years old then, and yet he was on horseback for four hours a day. He was the last of a great gallery of warriors, all of whose effigies rise up before me at this moment. Napier, Paget, Pakenham, Beckwith, Hope,



Colville, Bradford, Beresford, Halkett, Adam, Vivian, Somerset. Ah! how richly each in his turn embellished a page of our glorious military history! Beck with was the *beau-ideal* of a rifleman. He also had an Indian command, and was the first general officer that ever fore-swore pipe-clay and stiff stocks. He told me that he was surprised the Bombay officers did not all die of apoplexy, for his predecessors, Bradford and Colville, kept up the starch old German system to the last. One of Colville's aides-de-camp, now an old general, invariably went about with a stock six inches high, and buttoned up to his throat in broad cloth covered with gold embroidery, while his shoulders bore two monstrous epaulettes. Colville was a good soldier, nevertheless, and had an eye for the slightest defect in a manoeuvre. I remember hearing him, at a review, tell a serjeant to make a 'half face to the left,' just to fill up a slight gap at the corner of a hollow square. Bradford (Sir Thomas) was a singularly handsome man and earned his advancement by drilling the Portuguese *capadores*. The tall figure occupies a conspicuous place in the well-known engraving of the Peninsula Heroes. Paget, who preceded Combermere in India, postponed the great Indian mutiny some thirty years by his summary destruction of an entire regiment of refractory sepoy. He saw the terrible danger of half measures, and shot down a few hundreds to save the lives of many thousands and secure the happiness of millions. Yet there were not wanting pseudo-philanthropists who termed the stern operation of military law a massacre! Adam (Sir Frederic) spoke with a strong Scotch accent. One day, when inspecting a regiment, he noticed that the tuft of a soldier's chaco was missing. The man was an Irishman and a bit of a humorist. 'Where's your feyther (feather), my mon?' asked Adam. 'He's in Ireland, your honour,' was the prompt reply, rebuking the singular pronunciation, unconsciously—or possibly consciously. Napier (Charles) detested Adam, and

spat at his government of the Ionian islands. Napier had a sharp wit as well as a courageous heart and a sound judgment. He it was who dubbed the Ladies L— *lemonade* and *orangeade*. Both had red hair, and one was as sour of temper as the other was amiable.

But a truce to military souvenirs. No *grogard* of the Empire can be more garrulous than myself when the soldiers of Wellington's 'Peninsula army' come upon the tapis.

Wandering a week or two since in the Kensal Green cemetery, perhaps connecting many recollections of departed friends with some uncomfortable thoughts of the near future,

'Though forward I cannot look, I tremble and fear,'

I came upon the bust of poor Tom Hood, the magician, at whose pleasure we were made to laugh or sigh. Yes, indeed; he 'sang the Song of the Shirt,' and many other songs of grave and gay import. I met Hood in France, I think some twenty-five years since, or more. He had been obliged to seek a quiet retreat from the relentless persecutions of the monied interest. After his departure, one of his publishers, a little old man whose coat, wig, and general 'get up' bespoke the *ci-devant jeune homme*, told his clerks to deny all knowledge of Hood when people called with bills. Hood heard of this and sent over a pasquinade which (suppressing names) ran somewhat after this fashion:

'For a season or two, in the columns of Puff, I was reckoned a passable writer enough,

But alas for the favours of Fame!

Since I quitted my seat in G—t M—h Street, My decline in repute is so very complete,

That a C—n don't know of my name.

'Now a C—n I knew, of dimensions so small,

He seem'd the next neighbour to nothing at all,

Yet in spirit a dwarf may be big:

But his mind was so narrow, his person so slim,

No wonder that all I remember of him

Is a little boy's coat—and a wig.'

I think Albert Smith gave me a copy of these stinging verses. Poor Albert! the delight of the circles in which he moved, the good son, and brother, and friend. When I first met him he was a 'gatherer

of other men's stuff,' carrying about a little pocket-book, and asking of every one who said a witty thing if he was 'going to use it,' meaning, I suppose, in print, for he was too conscientious to deprive a brother *drolé* of the guinea that a good joke would fetch. Indeed, there was little occasion on his part to depend on others for 'fun,' for his own store was abundant.

Going back to the days of the Regency, just before the death of George III., and following up my reminiscences to the accession of William IV., a galaxy of bright stars cluster about my memory's waste. Tom Moore, Tom B. Macaulay, George Canning, James Silk Buckingham, Maria Foote, Mrs. Siddons, all belong to that epoch. Macaulay was just feeling his way. He had written his paper on Milton in the Edinburgh, and had made a good anti-slavery speech at Exeter Hall. The Whigs were delighted at such an accession to their strength, just as Toryism had reached its culmination, and Lord Byron was about to be proved a false prophet. Macaulay was grand on the Reform question and the India Bill, and great was his reward. He was sent out to Bengal in 1834 as President of the Law Commission appointed to draw up a code for the special benefit of the mixed population of the East Indies. There he led a very retired life, seeing but little company, rarely appearing among the patrons of local institutions, and heaping up money for a rainy day, and material for his wonderful articles on Clive and Warren Hastings. His practical experience of law was of the smallest. He told me that he never was engaged in more than one case. He defended a woman arraigned on a charge of stealing chickens, and procured for her a conviction! Nevertheless, the Penal Code which he originated was conceived in a spirit of stern justice, and after a lapse of thirty years came into beneficial operation. Macaulay wrote his review of 'The Life of Sir James Mackintosh,' when in India, and Napier, the editor, excised several pages. The unpublished lives would be worth

something now! Macaulay died worth 80,000*l.*, leaving England the richer by gems of literature, which will be prized as long as the Anglo-Saxon is spoken and read.

It was, I think, in 1826 that I was introduced to Mr. Canning in Paris at a party at Lord Granville's. The extreme simplicity of his costume was a subject of surprise among the courtiers of Charles X. He wore no orders, no ribbons, no decorations of any kind which could distinguish him from the meanest French pleb. But the grandeur of his carriage, his glorious head and fine clear eye, made him conspicuous above all the embroidered *émigrés* and marshals of the Empire who had forgotten Napoleon in their zeal for the new régime. But the French people had not forgotten *Le Petit Caporal*; and when the Polignac ministry took courage and allowed the exhibition and sale of pictures and busts of 'the usurper,' every shop window was full of these and other souvenirs; in one day thousands were bought with avidity. The little bronze copies of the Vendôme column were the favourite memorabilia. I recollect Raikes remarking to me, as we strolled along a galerie, that, unless the Bourbons were very blind (they 'had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing') they would discern in the revived enthusiasm of the people the germs of a discontent which would, sooner or later, fructify into a new revolution. Four years afterwards, *les trois jours* and their barricades realized his prediction. Canning's conversation was very agreeable and unreserved at Lord Granville's table. If my memory is not very treacherous, he said, when some one remarked that, according to Lord Eldon, the British Constitution was dead—'Yes, as dead as Old Mother Hubbard's dog. She went to an undertaker's to provide for his funeral obsequies, and when she came back "the dog was laughing." And the British Constitution will continue to laugh for centuries to come. It may be moribund now and then, but a little galvanising sets it fairly on its legs again.'

There is no more pitiable object

than a man who, having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, has run quite through a large fortune, and finds himself in the prime of life in the possession of fine tastes, a good appetite, and an empty larder. How many of my old *camarades* have realised this melancholy reverse! There was Long Pole Wellesley, Brummell, Hughes Ball, and a dozen more, all of whom were at one time the idols of society. Poverty makes iconoclasts of quondam worshippers. It is an old story. One of my friends got into a sad scrape. He paid his devoirs to a lovely actress, who, at the time, unknown, it was said, to him, was the mother of two children who claimed a gallant colonel for their father. Discovering the existence of the *liaison*, and its fruits, my pea-green amico declined to pursue his matrimonial project. An action for breach of promise was the result. Scarlett defended the verdant innamorato; but the jury, with the wise sympathy for womanhood characteristic of true-hearted British shopkeepers, gave three thousand pounds damages, to heal the wounded feelings of the mother of the colonel's children, and applauded the beautiful Maria when she again appeared! But the colonel dropped the acquaintance, and

'Walked away with his two little feet,  
For the good, as he said, of their soles.'

Joe Hayne, the sufferer, every way, sought consolation in the society of Miss L——e, whence innumerable lampoons and caricatures. 'L'Amour et la Haine'—'All love may be expelled by Love as poisons are by poisons,' were among the mottoes which figured in the then popular 'Morning Chronicle.' I believe Tom Moore was responsible for some of the wit to which the trial gave rise.

Histrionic reference naturally revives the recollection of incomparably the greatest artiste that ever trod the British boards—I mean Mrs. Siddons. I shall be acquitted of the charge of being simply *laudator temporis acti*, when I say that there have been many things within the last thirty years of a dramatic, operatic, and terpai-

chorean character which far transcended the productions and celebrities of the first quarter of this century. For instance, I never heard singers to approach Grisi, Mario, Jenny Lind, and Alboni. Catalani, Mara, Braham, Kitty Stephens, and others I could name, had great merit; but neither 'Rule Britannia,' 'Nel cor piu,' nor the 'Death of Nelson' have left such an impression as 'Casta Diva,' 'Com e gentil,' and 'Il segreto.' Fanny Bias and Noblet could pirouette charmingly, and accomplish the *entrechat de six*; but all of that school were contemptible compared with the floating graces of Taglioni, the *battemens des pieds* of Ellsler, and the *rondes des jambes* of Cerito and Carlotta Grisi. Edmund Kean electrified me; and I have sometimes been startled by Macready. Give me credit, then, for candour and judgment when I affirm that the style of stage elocution and gesticulation of the present day is pitiable, judged by the standard supplied by the glorious Kemble family, headed by the unapproachable Siddons. Young and Miss O'Neil were of the same school—if that could be called a school which was simply the result of good education, refined manners, common sense, and a taste for the picturesque and the classical. Mrs. Siddons united with all these advantages beauty of person and rare moral attributes. Lord Westmoreland, renowned for his musical taste, used to say that *Ne vile fano* (his family motto) should have been hers. Her presence inspired all who approached her with respect—sometimes with awe—and yet she was a very loveable person withal. Probably the secret of her great success lay in her *abandon*. I heard her say as much one evening to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The decline of her attraction at Covent Garden was to be ascribed to a variety of causes. She retired formally in 1812; but for two or three years previously the public dramatic taste had become a little rickety. The destruction of the theatre by fire, the 'O. P.' row, and the fact that people care less for the sorrows of a mature Lady Randolph and Queen Katharine, and the

schemes of a Lady Macbeth, than for the sufferings of a young and beautiful Belvidera, Isabella, or Monimia, all contributed to produce an indifference to the poetical drama. 'Blue Beard' and 'Timour the Tartar,' with real horses, were indispensable adjuncts to 'Coriolanus' and 'King Lear.' 'Nothing will draw now but horses,' said Henry Harris. 'Naturally,' said Sheridan. The half-price and the demoralizing saloon were the only sources of attraction when the Siddons bade the public farewell in the touching lines—

'Perhaps your hearts, when years have gilded by,  
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,  
May think on her whose lips have pour'd so long  
The charmed sorrows of your Shakespeare's  
song.'

Through a long vista of pleasant recollections I look back with conquered emotions of pleasure and of pain. Shadows pass before me suggestive of Macbeth's aversions; and an 'Avant and quit my sight—let the earth hide thee,' is almost coeval with the offensive apparitions. Others are so associated with delightful souvenirs of rational pastime, cheerful talk, and companionship on the fields of sport and battle that I cherish their appearance with a loving but delusive belief in their revived materialism. I poke the fire, and bid the spectre take its accustomed arm-chair:—in the summer I loll on the grass, and, pointing to the great city, indicate to my phantom friend the new objects that have arisen and the changes that have been wrought since we last met in the flesh. And of all these ghostly visitants none is more welcome than poor D'Orsay, once the 'observed of all observers.' If Barraud could have painted his 'Rotten Row' when the equestrian Apollo figured fearless of *ca. &c.*, amidst swarms of admirers, he would most assuredly have made D'Orsay the centre personage in his interesting group. I have spoken before of his wit, his grace, his talent; let me record an amusing instance of his ingenuity. The great Duke of Wellington wished for a coloured portrait of himself, and he insisted that D'Orsay should be the painter. But D'Orsay

could not use the brush—his forte lay in the pencil. Still the Duke was not to be refused. *Quoi faire?* There was a painter named, if I remember rightly, Mackay, whom D'Orsay employed to colour his sketches. When the Duke came to sit for his picture, D'Orsay put Mackay into a closet where he could see the Duke without being seen. While the Count outlined and shaded the artist took his observations and made his notes. After a time D'Orsay begged the Duke to go into the drawing-room and chat with Lady Blessington while he *put in the colours*. The Duke yielded to his bidding: then Mackay came from his hiding-place, worked at the painting, and withdrew. The Duke was charmed with what he believed to be D'Orsay's work, and repeated his visits until the portrait was finished after this strange fashion.

We are generally inclined to associate the play of wit with the hilarity of the dinner-table, the picnic, or the *petit souper*, and expect that the salt which gives piquancy to the sallies of the Yorick of the hour will evaporate before the frowns of adversity. I have not found this rule destitute of striking exceptions. The man who has accustomed himself to look at the ludicrous side of human nature will often derive consolation from his own misfortunes. If he cannot philosophise over the natural or unavoidable result of follies and disasters he can at least make mirthful capital of his reduced state. Brummell was never very witty, but I have heard him say some smart things after his fall. He considered himself 'independent' at Calais because he had 'little to depend upon;' and when a hungry friend observed at his modest table, 'that nothing was better than cold beef,' the beau replied, 'I beg your pardon, cold beef is better than nothing.' A French friend, Laborde by name, told him that though foreigners complain of having to pay to see the cathedral of St. Paul's in London, he had found it just as bad at St. Peter's in Rome. He had been up to the dome, and when he came down a cicerone asked five paolis

('cinq pauls' as he expressed it) for conducting him aloft. 'Well,' said Brummell, 'it's very natural, and quite in accordance with our old apothegm that you should pay Saint Paul to see St. Pierre!' Laborde was divided between embarrassment and amusement at some of the announcements which met his eye in London. When Cerito was delighting the town with the shadow dance, and 'Ondine' figured in the placards of Her Majesty's Theatre, Laborde asked Nugent, the box book-keeper, for '*la carte*.' He mistook the theatre for a restaurant where 'on dine.' This was his embarrassment. His

greatest amusement was in the names of streets. 'Irons manger l'ane,' his mode of reading Iron-monger Lane, afforded him laughter for a month.

Lord Mornington, once Wellesley Long Pole Wellesley, whom Byron immortalized, was, like Brummell, a wit in his decay. Bon mots dropped from his lips like pearls and diamonds from the mouth of the girl in the fairy tale. I intended to have retailed some of his very brilliant sayings, but as I understand that an old friend is preparing his biography, I will not anticipate the reader's enjoyment.

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## MUSCULAR SOCIETY.

### No. II.—Marquets.

MY first game of racquets was the greatest humiliation I ever experienced. This is how it fell out. Freddy and I met at a wedding one morning in February. It was just one of those days that produce and foster the Londoner's disbelief in the existence of Nature at all, and through which, without the aid of Art, it would be simply impossible to live. The smoky sky was artificial—art and chimneys had produced it; no sun shone on the bride—the light was artificial. The officiating clergyman came into the church breathing an artificial atmosphere through a respirator. The flowers the bridesmaids wore were artificial; so was the 'best man,' who heard all the excellent things St. Paul saith about matrimony and yet remains a bachelor to this day. So, too (let me whisper it), was some of the wine at the breakfast. So were the green peas (they were brown). So were the whole of the guests, who applauded the funny man when he said 'he was sure they would all do likewise'—they knowing a great deal better. The only natural thing at all was the marriage itself, for the bride had forty thousand pounds and an uncle in the Ministry, and the bridegroom nothing at all, and no relatives out of the Opposition.

Why should weddings take place in the morning? It is a deplorable arrangement, and is, I take it, the reason why they always leave upon the mind, when it has regained its equilibrium, such a ghastly sense of failure. Of course I speak only of the guests; for, so far as the two people mainly interested are concerned, it is charitable to suppose that they are prepared to be linked together at the altar, at any time and under any circumstances. But why immolate all their friends on that same altar? The idea of a banquet at midday is repugnant to every rational scheme either of life or digestion. There is something intelligible in being merry at the close of the day, when the morning's care is past and the mind is at rest; but to feast and laugh and be brilliant—and then, feeling gently conscious of champagne, to go out into the cold light of day—ugh! It makes one shudder. What, too, is his fate who has to dine out on the same day? How is he to get up the steam again? Where will his appetite be at eight o'clock? and how can he possibly shine in the evening, as he is wont to do, whose pleasantry and small talk have all evaporated in the morning?

Freddy and I left the house, agreeing as to the advantages of

matrimony and of ministerial opinions, as regarded the case of the happy pair, but oppressed with all the above considerations as regarded our own. Of course the question was, what to do. It always is after a wedding. The reaction had set in, and we were both dull to a degree of insipidity, which I pray the reader to believe is most unusual with us. The fog had partially cleared off, but a drizzling rain was falling, which made the streets, if possible, more dreary than the fog, the air of melancholy *découvremet* which seems to come over the town about the middle of the day had set in, and we were thrown upon our own resources.

Suddenly Freddy, who had been rubbing his nose against a shop-window, wherein were displayed some neck-ties of a blood-and-thunder character (for to such a pitch were we reduced) started.

'Let us utilize our light,' said he.

Thinking that he perhaps meant to have his photograph taken for a shilling, I made no reply, and waited for a further light.

'Let us go to the Racquet Court.'

'But I never played in my life.'

'I'll teach you.'

In the innocence of my heart, and thinking to employ a couple of hours profitably by obtaining a thorough mastery of the game, I consented, and a swift hansom set us down within five minutes under the portico of a large building in Hans Place, which Freddy informed me was 'Prince's.'

I was struck with the remarkable air of cleanliness and freshness the club presented. One seemed, on entering it, to have left behind the smoke and squalor of London and to be under a clear sky. Charming little dressing-rooms, suggesting the idea of boudoirs, are ranged round the ground floor; then there are bath-rooms, embracing every ingenuity of hot and cold, douche and Turkish baths, a billiard-room, a reading-room, and in the centre of the block of buildings, the courts themselves, seven in number. Freddy soon appeared in a suit of that violent flannel in which athletic Englishmen delight, and sent me into

the gallery from which the game is to be seen. As I looked down into the court I thought it a most extraordinary place. Let the unsophisticated reader imagine a sort of immense black pit, consisting of four smooth walls and a floor. On the further or 'end' wall, some eight feet from the ground, a white horizontal line, below that and parallel with it at some two feet from the ground a red line. The floor was divided by a white line into two parts, the part farthest from the end wall being again subdivided into two other parts or 'courts,' while in the part nearest to it were marked off two small spaces, one on each side. In one of these stood Freddy, racquet in hand. Tossing the ball in the air, he struck it against the end wall just over the white line, and so that it returned and fell into the court behind and farthest from him. Here stood another player, who struck it up again. Then Freddy ran after it, and returned it once more, and his opponent failing to reach it on the rebound, he scored 'one.'

Nothing, as it seemed to me, could be more easy, and I gladly accepted his invitation to try my hand, with some idea, indeed, that I should not require very much teaching. I threw the ball in the air and struck at it with careful aim to make it touch the end wall just over the line, as I had observed Freddy to do. To my surprise it fell dead at my feet. I reflected, however, and having noticed that the racquet passed over it, threw it up again, struck again, and again missed, with the difference that this time the racquet passed under it. Again and again I tried, and still missed, to the ill-disguised amusement of the marker who was watching the proceedings, and to my own extreme annoyance. Then Freddy pointed out to me that I was not holding the racquet properly, and bade me lay it flat in my hand, with the back of the handle on the second joint of the forefinger, so that, on holding out the arm, the plane of the racquet should be parallel with the horizon and not perpendicular to it, which, as he



explained to me, not only gives the power of 'cutting,' but also enables the player to make a back-hand stroke as easily as an ordinary one. So instructed, I tried again, and this time with so much success that I hit the ball once (in the course of about a quarter of an hour) with the frame of the racquet. Beyond this point, no exertions would carry me as I found; and to add to my mortification, two or three idlers came and looked on from the gallery, and by watching my struggles with great apparent interest, keenly brought home to me the sense of the ridiculous figure I cut, as I stood perseveringly slashing the air, and, as each stroke fell harmless, picking up the ball to begin again with the same result. Fortunately, I did once strike the ball, not as I intended, but backwards, and sent it flying aloft into the gallery within an inch of one of the idlers, who all thereupon precipitately retreated, and left me (as soon as I understood what I had done) savagely wishing that it had been an inch nearer than it was.

But my humiliation was not yet complete. Freddy proposed, by way of change, to 'serve a ball' for me. He exhorted me to watch the ball, to mark its force and direction, to calculate where it would fall, and so to place myself as to return it, on the bound, to the end wall again. What a mockery! I did watch and did calculate, but it always fell in a manner diametrically opposed to my calculations—wherever it was there I was not, or if ever it did come near me, I generally found it dodging about behind my back, or playing dangerously round my head. I belaboured myself with my racquet. I ran my head against the wall. I fell down (several times). I received the ball on the back of my head sometimes, in the small of my back often; but on my racquet never. Only once did I return it, and then it was in the direction, not of the end wall, but of the heavens, and through a skylight; and when, with a confused body and aching muscles, I at length desisted, it was with the philosopher's knowledge that I knew

nothing, and with something of the philosopher's doubt that I should ever learn anything. Since that day, some years have passed, and many of the illusions with which I started in life have been rudely dispelled. I have been county-courted by my tailor, outwitted by my best friend, and jilted by the only woman I ever loved (in fact, she married the friend); but when I recall that morning at Prince's, I can lay my hand upon my heart (so much as she has left of it) and safely say that my first game of racquets was the greatest humiliation I have ever experienced.

However, Time heals everything (except grey hair and wrinkles, and for them there are the auriferous hair-dye and Madame Rachel). I have paid my tailor, cut my friend, forgotten my mistress, and, last and most difficult of all, learnt to play racquets. Let no man think it an easy task. Infinite judgment, patience, and perseverance are the virtues required to begin with. Without all these, genius is of no avail. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by seeing an apple fall, but he would have had to watch the falling of several orchards full before discovering how to judge a racquet-ball with a twist on it. I should like to know how the philosophy of the Stoics would have stood a 'cut-over' on the tender part of the shin-bone. How would Romeo have liked to have been beaten a 'love game,' even by Juliet? Or what would Damon have said if Pythias had served him an 'overhand cut into the corner'? And yet these are the common experiences of the Racquet Court. Through disappointment and hope deferred, through mortifications untold, five points worse to-day, two points better to-morrow; through aching of bones, and losing of games, and perhaps of eyes, goes the true believer, towards his ideal of play, which, ever as he approaches it, rises higher and higher, leaving him to begin the whole chase again from his new starting-point.

And yet it is to be supposed that the difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the game must enhance the pleasure derivable from playing it,

for when once the first drudgery of learning is past, the fascination it exercises over its votaries is such that the love of the game becomes almost a passion. Nor is it, perhaps, less worthy the name (*ne vous en déplaie*) than other tastes which are honoured with it. Speaking diffidently, and with all respect for love and ambition, it may be just possible—may it not, unsophisticated reader, to whom I have before introduced myself?—I say just possible that the pleasure derived from banging a ball about to make an ace, the most serious result of which is an expense of fourpence a game to the loser, may be as noble and harmless as that derived from banging about the interests of the nation for self-aggrandisement, or whispering stale platitudes filched from the minor novelists into ears which may have to blush for their credulity through a lifetime. Let no one cry out at the comparison of racquets with politics. A thousand points of resemblance will immediately suggest themselves to the player, and need not be here set down. It is enough to say that in racquets, the out-player is under no obligation to abuse his adversary, and that he owes his innings, when he gets it, to his own exertions and not to the pleasure of the gallery. Love, perhaps, is a game of a noble nature, but then the effects of it are deplorable, while racquets give, even to the unsuccessful player, health, strength, and an appetite for dinner.

It is a humiliating proof of the imperfection of human nature that this noble game is not universal. The British Isles are its chosen home and birthplace; and it has never, as the lawyers say, lost its domicile of origin or gained a fresh one elsewhere. It is of comparatively modern origin, and the tradition is, that it was first played in Ireland; the racquet itself being, as Freddy suggests, nothing but an improvement of the Irish harp, and the first court probably one of Tara's halls so utilized. Thence it found its way to England, and, naturally enough, considering its origin, made its first appearance in the King's Bench Prison, where it

solaced the abundant leisure of many an indebted son of Erin, and made captivity pleasant by the help of the very walls that shut out every other pleasure. Then, in some unexplained way, the military men heard of the game and adopted it. Woolwich, Winchester, Plymouth, and other garrison towns soon possessed courts, where line-men learnt to return a 'plunger,' and plungers learnt to respect 'the line.' The Public Schools, too, always ready to welcome sports, followed the example. Harrovians and Etonians grew up with the taste, and now racquets is perhaps, among those who can afford it, the most popular of all games.

The courts vary in size; but the smaller ones find most favour among the *habitués* of Prince's. They are rectangular in shape, and some sixty feet long, by thirty wide, lit from above, the walls and floor presenting a smooth black surface for the rebound of the ball. Very affectionate is the regard the player has for those ugly walls and floor. The slightest flaw or crack in either would affect the truth of the rebound in any ball touching it, would probably cause the loss of an ace, possibly of a game; and as both walls and floor are as valuable in his eyes as the cloth of a billiard-table to its own particular marker, imperfections are carefully looked for and tenderly plastered over as soon as discovered. Every court is swept out morning and evening, and, as in an Eastern mosque, when the true believer comes to pay his devotions, he leaves outside his accustomed sandals, stained with the dust (and perhaps nailed with the nails) of daily life, and puts on the slipper, soft, pliant, and soled with india-rubber.

Courts differ one from the other no less than the stars, both in magnitude and in brightness; and they have this further element of difference, that the service-line varies in height from the floor, and the floor itself in the 'quickness' or readiness with which the ball rebounds, so that it is sometimes very trying to play in a strange court, where the strokes most successfully

practised at home are found either to be impossible or quite ineffectual; for a difference of three or four inches in the line is enough to take all the vice out of some of the finer sorts of service. Then they are built of different materials; some, as at the private court at Eglinton, have a marble floor; while at Halifax, and some places in Canada intelligent enough to like the game, they are built entirely of wood, carefully joined with mortice and tenon, and presenting an equally good surface with the plaster and asphalté used at Prince's. Again, there is the 'open court,' as at Lord's Cricket-ground and at Kennington, consisting of nothing but an end wall and a floor, open to the weather, without side or back walls at all—an abomination to the close-court player, whose pretty strokes into the corner are there impossible. There is, indeed, as there must be, an entire dissimilarity between the 'open' and the 'close' court games, the former of which is no more like the latter (nor more worthy to be classed with it) than marbles are like billiards.

In the gallery sits the marker, a small urchin who calls the score in a peculiar ringing chant thereto affected. He acts, too, as umpire, and decides upon 'cuts,' 'lets,' and 'faults' with the gravity of a judge, and with about the same measure of infallibility. If he is found to be obstinately careless, or incurably sleepy, the only remedy open to the victim of his mistakes is to cut a ball at him—a summary mode of appeal, which, it is to be regretted, cannot be applied to some of the courts in Westminster Hall.

The balls used in the game are an expensive item to the racquet player. They are of the size of a greengage, white as snow (when new), and very hard; but after being banged up and down for an ace or two, they split and break, or, if particularly tough, become gradually covered with the black from the walls, and at last present the appearance and consistency of a half-boiled potato. Thus a great number are spoilt in the course of a single game, and an equally large number of twopences are thereby

added to the bill. These balls are made with great care, of small shreds of cloth, wetted and pressed in moulds, of very small size at first, but increasing gradually, as more cloth is added, until the proper size is reached. The ball is then 'paid' or wound tightly round with pack-thread, and finally covered with a thin skin of white leather. So prepared, they are light as feathers and hard as stones—very disagreeable to receive unexpectedly on any part of the body, and most dangerous if on any part of the head; indeed, there have been many instances of men losing an eye in the game from a stroke of the ball. Every player is certain to be 'cut over' every now and then—the clumsy player most certain of all; and the best that can be hoped is that one may be so lucky as to receive one's allotted share on some of the better padded and less seen parts of the physical economy. The head can generally be guarded by holding the racquet before it and looking through the strings, or, failing that, by dropping flat on the floor, a proceeding much practised in the four games.

The racquet is simply an elaborated battledore, the frame made of ash wood, which is steamed and bent to the required shape, and across which catgut is tightly strung in a firm elastic network. Racquets vary no less than courts; a well-balanced one, of the proper length, and which has yet sufficient weight to give upon occasion a good 'drive' to the ball, is a great prize, and should be proportionately well cared for, by being kept tightly screwed in a proper wooden frame, to prevent warping.

The game is usually played by two players, though there is also the 'four game,' in which there are two on each side; but, besides the inevitable confusion it produces, the exercise is not so good, and the exertions of the players are often chiefly directed to getting out of the way of each other and of the ball, the latter sometimes necessitating very wonderful acrobatic feats. The best two of three games form a short rubber; the best three of five, a long rubber; and each game consists of

fifteen points or 'aces,' one of which is made whenever the server can succeed in being the last to return the ball against the end wall. Should the out-player last return it, it is said to be his 'hand in,' and he in turn endeavours to make his aces.\* Of course, it is an object so to serve the ball as to prevent the out-player returning it at all—whence arises the great importance attached to a good 'service,' to have which is to go a long way towards being a good player, and whence also many players have studied service alone, and have so learnt to beat others who could return two balls to their one. That the possibility of such a state of things should exist, is the one defect in the game; and it is made the most of by the tennis players, who are its born enemies, and affect to despise it in comparison with their own. The 'cut service' is very effective, and consists in striking the ball, not as the natural man would, with the flat of the racquet, but with a cut edgewise, so that the ball scrapes along the strings, and so receives a rotary motion, which makes it shoot on touching the wall or floor; and when served with force, just over the line and into the corner, it is a most difficult one to return. The 'drop,' again, is very provoking, falling, as it should, gently at the back of the court, and, if well served, hugging the wall so closely as to render its return next to impossible. The 'twist,' too, is even more deceiving, since the effect of it is to make the ball bound falsely. The ball may bound once, but must be struck before it touches the ground a second time, or the stroke is foul. It is, however, sometimes an advantage to 'volley' it, or return it before it has touched at all, which gives the adversary less time to recover himself and meet it again. Naturally, the great object is so to

strike it as to make it as difficult as possible for the adversary to return it; and to accomplish this, it should be directed so as just to clear the wood or red line (below which all strokes are foul), and should have a good 'cut' on it, which kills it for the rebound. It is important to wait till the ball is low before striking, as, if taken at the wrong time, it is certain to bound high instead of shooting along, as it should, close to and parallel with the floor. A very pretty and telling stroke is made by striking the ball, not directly to the end wall, but diagonally to the side, so that it describes a zig-zag, and ends by just grazing the end wall, and falling close to its base, out of reach of the adversary, who has probably been awaiting its return at the back of the court, and who, when he recognizes the nature of the stroke, vainly endeavours to run up in time to reach it.

In racquets, as in all games of skill that deserve the name, the first and most important thing is to study the character of the opponent, and to act accordingly; and, having discovered his physical and mental weakest points, to take every possible advantage of them to prevent his returning the ball. If he is timid, it may be made to fly back like a flash of lightning, straight at his wind, which confuses him, and, barring the accident of his racquet being in the way, wins the ace. If he is sanguine and adventurous, it may be advisable to let him make the first few aces with apparent ease, which induces confidence and a careless style of play; if, on the other hand, he is of a desponding disposition and easily discouraged, it is best to work hard, and to get the lead at once at any cost, and so demoralize him. If he is at all slow or short-winded, it will be best to serve balls that come freely off the back wall, and fall half-way up the court, so that he may lose his wind and his temper by running all over the place, when he will fall an easy victim. If he is quick and active, the scientific play must then be practised, and a drop service into the corner, or a violent twist to deceive his judgment, will be most effective.

\* If the score, however, be '13 all' or '15 all,' there is a saving clause in the rules which allows the out-player to 'set the game' in the former case to 3 or 5, and in the latter to 3 only; the meaning of which is, that those 3 or 5 additional points are to be made, instead of the number that would naturally make up the 15.

In short, the game is played with the head even more than with the hand and legs, and for that reason the attention must not be allowed to wander from it for an instant. Many a player, of too active imagination, has been so unfortunate during the game as to have an idea cross his mind, and has lost his rubber in consequence. The unexpected arrival of a dear friend in the gallery often costs one an ace (and what a kindly feeling one has for the dear friend then!); and the remarkably good tale one heard last night at dinner, if one cannot forget it, is perhaps fatal to the game.

Great judgment and activity are the every-day virtues of the racquet-player; and to these, if he would excel, must be added great temper and courage,—the temper to endure reverses with an equal mind, and the courage to fight an up-hill battle with all the chances against him, and to play as well when the game is at 14 to 1, with his opponent's 'hand in,' as if the odds were reversed.

Such qualities, it will be said, would insure success in any pursuit. That is true; and there are very few who possess them: were it otherwise, we should live in a world of paragons, everybody as good as everybody else, and you and I, dear reader, would lose the small advantage we possess in being slightly above the average; and therefore, as there are few who possess these qualities in the requisite degree, so there are as few who excel in racquets as in literature, science, or tailoring. But those few are as planets among rushlights; and yet, so beneficial is the mental discipline of the game, that I have known many great racquet players who, when they had attained to the first rank, have been capable of conversing upon a limited number of subjects other than their own pre-eminence, or even (some of them), to admit that there may be good in one or two other things under the canopy of heaven.

Racquets is essentially a gentleman's game. It is too expensive for the great masses, both in the time it takes to learn, and the cost of play-

ing it when learnt. Another reason is, that it can only be played in the hours of daylight, when all those who have to work for their bread are engaged in earning it. Attempts have indeed been made (one notably in Liverpool), to play by gaslight, but hitherto without success. Perhaps at some future day, when the Saturday half-holiday is universal, and all London consumes its own smoke, the additional daylight which the million will then enjoy, may enable them also to participate in the delights of the game; but at present it remains in the hands of that select class whose day begins at four o'clock, and whose sole business it is to find a pleasant appetite for dinner between that time and half-past seven. To them it is indeed a boon, since, as it can be played in all weathers (I speak of close courts), it has, as Freddy says 'jockeyed the climate.' I myself have always had a lurking suspicion that this same climate of ours (so called) could not have been intended, in the original scheme of things, for human beings to exist in, but only to grow such things as beet-root, celery, and potatoes, while humankind must have been expected to live somewhere on the Continent (say at Paris), and to come over once a fortnight to look after the cultivation, and then to go back again: and the fact that one can go to Paris in ten hours and a-half goes to prove the theory. However, having once entered upon the mistaken course of living in it, racquets has fortunately made it endurable. It vanquishes frost, snow, rain, hail—even the east wind itself. For those who crouch before their coal fires, with which they pollute the sky and spoil the light, and blow upon the blue tips of their fingers, for the foolish ones who complain of dyspepsia and liver, we pity them—

\* For racquets to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.\*

For us, the Racquet Court is always open, the liver does not exist, and the only pain we know is that which our well-earned dinner allays.

BLANC-BEC.

## REFLECTIONS BY A FAT MAN.

HOW I blest thee, William Banting,  
 When I found your treatment act,  
 And I ran up-stairs, not panting,  
 Owing to your glorious tract.

All fat friends I did entreat :  
 'Bid your beer and bread to cease,  
 Live on claret, toast, and meat,  
 Be, like me, no more obese.'

Yes; I thinn'd upon your system :  
 My (not sylph-like) maiden aunt  
 Took my eldest born and kissed him,  
 Saying, 'Fatty, you shall bant!'

But diseases, first in sheep, and  
 Now in oxen, drive me wild :  
 Oh! I could sit down and weep and  
 Cry my eyes out, like a child.

My brief day of bliss is over,  
 Fare thee well, thou butcher's meat;  
 Bread now bloats me, as the clover  
 Bloats the bulls I dare not eat.

Now my weight is twenty stone,  
 Daily I increase a pound,  
 Looking in the glass I groan,  
 Seeing I grow still more round.

Oh, my waistcoats! you are tighter  
 Than you ever were of yore;  
 Would I were a little slighter,  
 For my girth is fifty-four.

Fatter shall I be to-morrow,  
 Yes, 'tis truth the poet sings—  
 'That a sorrow's crown of sorrow,  
 Is rememb'ring *thinner* things.'

I. Z.



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MAIDEN MEDITATION.

From the Painting by Compto-Calix.]

[Page 412.

## 'MAIDEN MEDITATION'

(ILLUSTRATED FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

**B**Y what name in cherished thought,  
 Languishing graceful on the couch,  
 Dear to poet's deathless fancy,  
 Hath a maid like thee been sung?  
 Wert thou, many-beautiful model,  
 Faithful Eolus or Elaine,  
 Steadfast Cressida, meek Griselda,  
 Or pure Una of the plain?  
 Didst thou, matchless in sweetman,  
 Bear the name of Rosalind?  
 Wert thou Juliet or Miranda,  
 Or Castara or Lancelot?  
 Wert thou the sweet-voiced of Idylls,  
 The half-goddess Phyllis?  
 Or that earthlier lot of Florence,  
 Sidney's heavenly Geraldine?  
 Young bells no flower yielded,  
 Innocence no power won;  
 Love no more unclouded temple,  
 Than that bright home of youth,  
 Egoity waited to be washed,  
 Till, with graceful faculty,  
 Inimious Thought was fading we that  
 At the altar of the young,  
 And then we recall the Spring time  
 When the sun first rised the dawn,  
 And Earth, fresh her blossoming garden,  
 Put on Heaven's robe her best gown,  
 Then thy light heart's golden gown,  
 When flowers bloom in light,  
 And the sunbeams of the night  
 Art thou waiting on the dawn,  
 When the year had reached its prime,  
 When we first sported in youth,  
 All things as an Eden scene,  
 Then thy glad first falling was summer,  
 Then thy soul first spoke its love,  
 And the warmth of sunset glances  
 Lensed my tearfully-renduring tongue,  
 Didst thou think upon the Autumn,  
 When fruition crowned the year,  
 When the garden, stored with plenty,  
 Still left plenty everywhere?  
 Nature then, relieved from labour,  
 Halted for her well-earned rest,  
 And thy short-delaying fondness  
 Calmed the tumult of my breast,  
 Tied not now the heart's longing,  
 Dreading death's every power,  
 For it came that not too roughly  
 Shook the which meant thy deed,  
 O'er sweetest hope in Spring-time,  
 O, my highest Summer still,  
 O, my all, betrothed in Autumn,  
 Ere the Winter, be my bride!



MADON'S MEDITATION.

From the Painting by Charles Callot.

Page 117.

## 'MAIDEN MEDITATION.'

(ILLUSTRATED FROM THE PAINTING BY COMPTE-CALIX.)

**B**Y what name in cherished legend,  
 Lingered graceful on the tongue,  
 Dear to poet's deathless fancy,  
 Hath a maid like thee been sung?  
 Wert thou, many-beautied model,  
 Faithful Enid or Elaine,  
 Stedfast Custance, meek Griselda,  
 Or pure Una of the plain?  
 Didst thou, matching it in sweetness,  
 Bear the name of Rosalind;  
 Wert thou Juliet or Miranda;  
 Or Castara or Lucind?  
 Wert thou the soul-bride of Dante—  
 The half-goddess Florentine?  
 Or that earthlier fair of Florence,  
 Sidney's 'heavenly' Geraldine?  
 Virtue hath no fitter symbol,  
 Innocence no purer shrine,  
 Love no more unselfish temple  
 Than that vestal form of thine.  
 Beauty waited to be perfect,  
 Till, with gracious dignity,  
 Bridegroom Thought with Feeling wedded  
 At the altar of thine eye.  
 Dost thou now recall the Spring-time  
 When the sun first ruled the cloud,  
 And Earth, from her death-sleep waking,  
 Put on flowers, and cast her shroud?  
 Then thy bright hair's golden glory  
 Was to me a maze of light;  
 Was thy smile my bow of promise,  
 And the pole-star of my night.  
 Art thou musing on the Summer,  
 When the year had reached its prime;  
 When an Eden spirit tended  
 All things in an Eden clime?  
 Then thy glee first veiled with blushes,  
 Then thy soul first spake in song;  
 And the warmth of covert glances  
 Loosed my scarcely-venturing tongue.  
 Dost thou think upon the Autumn,  
 When fruition crowned the year;  
 When the garner, stored with plenty,  
 Still left plenty everywhere?  
 Nature then, relieved from labour,  
 Halted for her well-won rest;  
 And thy short-delaying fondness  
 Calmed the tumult of my breast.  
 Fear not now the harsh November,  
 Dealing death at every pace;  
 Ere it mine that not too roughly  
 Shall its winds assail thy face!  
 O, my dearest hope in Spring-time,  
 O, my fondest Summer pride,  
 O, my all, betrothed in Autumn,  
 Ere the Winter, be my bride!—A. H. G.

## ACROSS THE SOLENT.

**V**ECTA or VECTIS, in the days of the Roman Empire:  
Vect, Vectis, or Vectis, in medieval times:

The Garden of England, in poetical phraseology:

The Isle of Wight, in plain modern English of the nineteenth century:

Such are the various names under which that little insulated, lozenge-shaped tract of country, containing upwards of 85,000 acres, and between which and the land whereon I write, lies open sea, is known. You may reach it from London in three hours. You may find yourself in the midst of its picturesque beauties in a couple more. You may walk round it between dawn on Monday and Thursday's sunset. You may explore every part of it in a week. In short, there never was such a pleasantly accessible and compendious little field for home-tourists, out of the range of Cockneyland. Did it ever form part and parcel of England proper? Was there ever a time when a pre-Adamite gentleman could walk across that space where now a briny tide is flowing? This is a point upon which I must refer you to the geologists. Sir John Herschel tells us that this merry England of ours has probably been more than once entirely submerged—that the ocean has rolled entirely over it from Dunnet Head to the Land's End. In that case, even bonnie Caledonia would have been in the same plight—of course, before it was peopled, for thrifty Scotchmen, we know, are *never* under water. Perhaps after one of these subaqueous dips, old Albion, in shaking herself dry, threw off some bits of promontories and awkward little peninsule; scattered the Orkney Islands with a toss of her head; thrust Thanet off at a respectful distance; and kicked down Vectis to its present site. Be that as it may, there is only one highway to all these places now, and that lies across the Solent.

A few weeks ago I found myself

on board the boat which runs at frequent intervals during the day between Southsea and Ryde. I had just completed that intensely disagreeable necessity and convenient evil of modern life—a railway journey. With a praiseworthy sense of economy, and no little fortitude, I had travelled down from town in a dirty, mean-looking, ill-painted, unsavoury wooden box, with a greasy leather cushion to sit upon, and a rattling window at my side, by closing which, I could vitiate the atmosphere I breathed with great facility, and by opening which I could with equal ease admit a shower of dust and gritty blacks, which, sprinkled by the engine in front, came flying in upon my face, inflaming my eyes, insidiously drifting into my shirt-collar, converting my beard into an Ethiopian powder-puff, and finally begriming everything I touched. In a word, I had been sitting in a second-class railway carriage, which, in point of discomfort, uncleanness, and general misadaptation, John Bull has allowed to take precedence of any similar vehicle that can be found anywhere on the Continent, or, indeed, in any part of the civilized world.

When I add to these *désagréments*, the fact that on arriving at the Southsea pier, and asking for the means to wash my face and hands, I was shown into the 'waiting-room'—a bleak-looking, uncarpeted apartment, whose superficial area might be represented by a large pocket-handkerchief, and in the corner of which stood a basin with a plugless waste-pipe—when I further make mention that I had to wait (in agony lest the boat should start without me) five minutes for a dirty towel, and that my request for soap was treated as an instance of the vanity of human aspirations—when I lastly record the fact that the water-tap had been constructed so ingeniously by a malevolent plumber that it was utterly impossible to turn it without pinching one's



fingers against the wall, the reader may imagine that I embarked in no very amiable humour; and, indeed, I was fully prepared to quarrel with the man at the wheel, if that useful functionary had not been prevented by the stern conditions of his office from speaking to any one at all. However, though my temper was ruffled, the sea was as smooth as glass. No sooner had we got under weigh, than the sun burst forth from behind a cloud; the water sparkled in its light; all nature—as the novelists say—wore a glad-some aspect; the motion of the boat had, happily, no unpleasant effect upon me, and I began to recover my spirits.

On board I met a very pleasant old gentleman, who, on hearing that it was my first visit to the island, gave me a vast deal of information concerning its early history. He not only confirmed me in my belief that it had once been connected with the mainland, but went on to prove that this was the case in the time of the Romans, who used it as a sort of *dépôt* for exporting tin to Gaul. He added that an isthmus, passable at low water, once ran from Gurnard, west of Oowes, to Leap, on the opposite shore, at which point the channel is narrow; and that when the tides destroyed this link, the name of Solent (from *solvere* 'to loosen') was given to the sea between. In support of this theory, he mentioned that the remains of a Roman road had been traced running southwards across the island, which did not to my mind prove very much, seeing that the Romans might have made a road there whether they reached it by sea or land. He quoted Suetonius (an author with whom I confess I have but a limited acquaintance) to show that the island had been inhabited by the Belgæ, and conquered by Vespasian in 43; after which it appears that the Romans lived there very peaceably until they quitted Britain altogether. Under Saxon rule, however, Vecta does not seem to have fared so well, since it was successively invaded by a series of enterprising military gentlemen, who, being possessed with the natural

ambition of peopling the island with their followers, resorted to the very unnatural expedient of making room for them by slaughtering the original inhabitants. Among others who adopted this ingenious but objectionable measure, was Ceadwalla, whose enthusiasm was increased by the fact that he had lately become a Christian, and no doubt thought this a sound and practical way of testifying his piety.

How, during the ninth century, Vecta was constantly subject to the attacks of Danish pirates; how, as some of those amphibious marauders were sailing off once with a large booty, King Alfred overtook their vessels and wreaked his vengeance on the crews; how the island was sacked by Earl Godwin in the time of the Confessor, and by Earl Tosti in the time of Harold; and what vicissitudes it experienced under Norman rule and French invasion; how bluff King Hal fortified it, Charles the First was imprisoned in it, and Henry the Sixth actually made a kingdom of it under the nominal sway of Warwick in 1444; and how, in our own time, Queen Victoria chose it as a summer residence,—these and many other particulars concerning the same subject did the garrulous old gentleman, who sat aft with me on the star-board side of the 'Roving Billy' (Captain Spanker, 200 tons, A 1, schooner-rigged steam craft, bound for Ryde, wind S.E. by S., lat. 50° 45', long. 1° 10', and making several knots an hour\*), communicate during our passage. At last we 'hove to' at the Ryde pier-end, and there was the usual bustle and confusion, and crowding up the gangway, and collecting of tickets, and hoisting of luggage, and absence of individuality in hat-boxes, and mysterious disappearance of umbrellas, and repressed snortings of the engine, and dexterous flinging of ropes and creaking of barnacled, sea-stained piles, and climbing of

\* Should the nautical phraseology employed in this sentence appear incorrect in the eyes of any naval gent, or experienced yachtsman, he is requested to leave a line to the author for the sake of future editions.

treacherous-looking wooden steps, and affectionate greetings of friends and relatives, which, I suppose, are the natural concomitants of every disembarkment. I know few circumstances more wounding to one's personal vanity than that of landing or coming off a railway journey—hot, tired, and dusty, on a fine summer day in the presence of spectators who are comfortably equipped in the dress of every-day life, with clean faces, spotless linen, and scrupulously brushed hats and coats. The men who survey you through their eye-glasses seem such unnecessary swells, and you feel what a terrible contrast to them you must present in your seedy tweed travelling-suit before the eyes of the ladies, who also appear to have given extra attention to their toilette for the very purpose of humiliating you still further.

Hastening through a maze of peg-top trousers, pork-pie hats, gorgeous white waistcoats, bewitching little yachting coats and fluttering silks and muslins hung over jupons of every possible size, shape, and fabric, and revealing scores of tiny kid-enveloped feet, I made the best of my way along the pier to the Royal Jetty—a famous hostelry in Ryde, where I was soon lodged in a pleasant bedroom looking out upon the sea. Thence, having—to use an ancillary expression—‘cleaned myself,’ I sallied forth to look at the town, with that celebrated rhyme from the ‘Book of Nonsense’ ringing in my ears—

‘There was a young lady of Ryde,  
Whose shoe-strings were seldom untied;  
She purchased some clogs,  
And some small spotty dogs,  
And frequently walked about Ryde;’

but failed to recognize in any of the female inhabitants the faintest trace of this peculiarity of dress and canine attachment.

Ryde is a pleasant, bustling, little watering-place, possessing the characteristics of more than one larger town, epitomised and condensed to suit its own requirements. There is an air of Brighton about the pier, with its military band, jaunty sub-alterns from across the water, smartly-dressed London belles, and

season visitors; a reminiscence of Bond Street about the old china and *bric-à-brac* warehouses, fashionable print shops, and photograph establishments—a resemblance to Bath in the steep streets and eminent respectability of its older dwelling-houses; while the suburban villas, with their stucco fronts and trim little gardens lining the roadside, remind one, to some extent, of the most cheerful portion of St. John's Wood. The ancient name of the place was La Rye, and at the close of the last century it consisted of two distinct villages separated by meadows. Although these have long been blended by modern improvements into one town, the tradition of their sites is still preserved in the names of Upper and Lower Ryde. The principal streets are wide and well paved, and those which run parallel to the beach have the advantage of a fine sea-view. Westward from the pier, and flanked by various inns and lodging-houses, is the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, with its miniature battery erected in 1847. Union Street and High Street run up from the esplanade into the heart of the town. Beyond these, are terraces and villas, shrubberies and church spires, which, with the wooded promontory of Appley and the rising grounds of St. John's Park, give a *rus-in-urbe* character to the whole which is not unpicturesque.

One of the most disappointing facts in connection with Ryde, is the absence of any beach. The natural shore at low tide consists of mud and soft sand, and this has necessitated the building of a quay or esplanade along its sea front, at each end of which bathing machines are kept. But the water is often turbid and unpleasantly shallow there, so that one either has to take a long and jolting ride in those crazy vehicles towards Portsmouth, or else be content with that amount of natation which would be practicable in a scullery if the water-tap had been running for an hour or so. The pier, originally opened in 1814, has been so much lengthened from time to time, that it is now about half a mile long. It has also been

lately made wider for the purpose of laying down a tramway to convey luggage between the esplanade and pier head, an improvement which they say was suggested by the attempted erection of a rival pier constructed of iron. But the modern work, although it thus had the effect of bettering the condition of the old pier by its example, was very far from being perfect itself. It was not raised to a sufficient height above the water level. In a heavy sea, the waves dashed over it with such tremendous force, that a few years ago a considerable portion was destroyed. You may walk on what remains for a penny, but I believe few avail themselves of that privilege. The sympathies of the inhabitants are with the tough old wooden pier, which has weathered the storm for half a century. They crowd upon it every afternoon to walk, to chat, to flirt, to smoke, to hear the band play. Is not all this worth twopence per head? I frequently paid that sum at the toll-gate, and considered I was enjoying a very cheap amusement. As for the flimsy iron concern yonder, no one but a misanthrope would use *that* as a promenade, even if the gate-keeper presented each visitor with a penny instead of exacting it from him.

The first expedition which I made from Ryde was to the far-famed Carisbrooke Castle. That fine old relic of the middle ages had been from my early boyhood an object of great interest to me—not so much at that period, I confess, because of its historical association as on account of the wonderful donkey of whose wisdom, longevity, and diurnal labours I had heard so much. Visions of that patient quadruped often presented themselves to my youthful mind. I had pictured to myself the sagacious beast on its hind legs winding up a hand-wheel with an intelligence beyond its ears; I had entertained a vague and foggy belief that it descended a stone staircase to the level of the water and brought up a bucket between its teeth. Although these romantic notions of asinine efficiency had long faded away before my maturer intel-

lect, I still cherished a great desire to see the donkey, and seized this occasion to satisfy my curiosity.

The road to Carisbrooke through Ryde lies through the ancient and excessively dull town of Newport, 'situate,' as geographers and house-agents say, upon the Medina, in the centre of a valley surrounded by hills. That it returns two members to Parliament, that it possesses a Guildhall, a public library, a museum, a grammar school, and a cattle-market, are facts which, I suppose, do not distinguish it from many other towns in the United Kingdom. The antiquaries declare it to have been of Roman origin, and inform us that it received its first charter from De Redvers, Earl of Devon, in the reign of Henry II. Under the first Edward it received considerable immunities and privileges from one Isabella de Fortibus, the last subject, it appears, who held in her own right the lordship (or rather ladyship) of the island. This illustrious dame lived in great state at Carisbrooke Castle, and, under her government, the condition of the island rose to great prosperity.

In the church of St. Thomas is Marochetti's monument to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., erected by her Majesty—a graceful tribute to the memory of that unfortunate lady, whose piety and mournful end have long been themes for poet's pen and artist's pencil. It is recorded that her gaolers found her dead within the castle prison-room—her fair young head still gently resting on that Book wherein, no doubt, she found her greatest consolation. The sculptor has thus fashioned out her effigy in pure white marble; more touching in its sweet simplicity than any epitaph could be which told us of her blameless life and early fate.

About a mile west of the town, and picturesquely placed upon a hill-side which overlooks a winding millstream, stand the venerable ruins of Carisbrooke. The castle-gateway, with its old round towers, machicolations, and portcullis-grooves, had long been familiar to me in prints and photographs, but I had yet to become acquainted

with a new method of illustrating its venerable features, more remarkable perhaps for its ingenuity than correctness, but interesting in specimens of local art. These were no other than pictures executed in coloured sand on cardboard, which a rustic youth insisted I should purchase of him as 'curoisities.' The 'curoisities' embraced a variety of subjects—architecture, landscape, even the donkey and well-house—all treated with that utter disregard for atmospheric effect, and bold defiance of perspective rules, which are supposed by the uninitiated to constitute the chief elements and peculiar charm of *præ-Raphaelitism*. Having declined these native productions, together with some mysterious neckless glass bottles, shaped like a huge seal, and filled with polychromatic sand, to the manifest disgust of the small boy in question, I ventured to ring at the entrance door, which was presently opened by a nattily-dressed young lady, whom I took to be one of the visitors returning from an inspection, and made way for her accordingly. Finding, however, that she beckoned me in, and began to point out the various objects of interest inside, I gradually awoke to the conviction that she was there in an official capacity. Indeed it afterwards turned out that she was a daughter of the custode or keeper of the castle, and that she and her sister were good enough to act as guides to those who required their assistance, which, however, I will do them the justice to say, they never pressed upon any visitor with the obsequiousness of your regular cicerone. Fourpence is the modest charge made for admission; and as this includes every fee excepting the slight gratuities, in the shape of stale pastry and ginger-beer, which you may be pleased to give the donkey, it cannot be called an expensive entertainment. That interesting animal is to be found in a sort of roomy cupboard, built over the well, with which its name is so romantically associated. At one end of this chamber is a huge wheel some twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, the axle of which becomes a wind-

lass over the well mouth, and holds a coil of rope around its barrel. At a given signal, the donkey, which, during business hours, appears to reside upon a nine-inch plank between the wheel and the wall, slips into the former, which is perhaps three or four feet wide, and immediately begins to go up hill with great energy. This is made, as it seemed to me, an unnecessarily difficult task, inasmuch as the wheel is perfectly smooth inside, and unprovided with steps or wooden slips to insure the poor brute a firmer footing. However, on it goes, click-clacking with its hoofs against the wood. The wheel goes round; the rope increases coil by coil; the bucket gradually ascends. At last the water is raised, and while we turn to look at it, Noddy has popped out again upon his plank, and resumes his lunch with a jaunty sort of air, as if drawing water was an occupation much beneath his capabilities. I think I never saw a more knowing 'moke.' The careful way in which he stopped the action of the wheel whenever his master passed between it and the wall, lest he should be grazed by it; the crafty sidelong glance which he gave to see whether the bucket was up; and the cool, business-like manner with which he instantly relaxed his efforts when that result was obtained, were very amusing. Noddy was afterwards regaled by one of the visitors with buns, which he ate with a relish which would have put *Sterne's* jackass and his macaroons to perpetual shame. He even endeavoured to pick an old gentleman's pocket of some more, regarding the skirts of his coat in the light of a temporary manger, at which he was entitled to feed by virtue of his office.

The man in attendance differed from most guides in the hearty and unflagging interest with which he seemed to regard the well and everything connected with it. When he praised the quality of the water—which he insisted on our tasting—and let down a lighted candle into the depths below, he did so with no mechanical indifference, or set form of words, but as if he were trying

these interesting experiments for the first time, and was really delighted at their success. I forget how old he said the present donkey was, but it stands on record that one of them performed its duty eight-and-twenty years, and another, *forty-nine*.

If this sort of exercise is so conducive to longevity, we shall begin to suspect that old Parr must have spent his leisure hours upon the treadmill.

In the inner area of the ruins is comprised the Norman portion of the fortress. We were shown the crumbling walls which once inclosed the rooms where King Charles was confined. The window is pointed out at which it is said he tried to escape, and tradition still indicates the spot where his daughter lay down, in pious faith, to die.

There is something honest and rugged about this shattered, ivy-grown wreck of Carisbrooke, which distinguishes it from the snug, trim cockneyism of most English ruins. The wild vegetation which springs up around the basement, and crowns the old tottering battlements, is left unchecked. Briar and bramble creep in at empty windows, and wander where they please; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and Time is left at liberty to do his work.

There is, however, an old roofless chapel on the right, as you enter, which bears, upon its bleak and whitewashed walls, most painful evidence of that vulgar compromise between sham sentiment and love of notoriety which is so characteristic of English *bourgeoisie*. The whole surface of the plaster is scored over with names of visitors who choose this cheap and nasty way of asserting their individuality. I actually caught one wretched man in the perpetration of this offence. I thought he would be ashamed of himself, but, no; on he went, printing

JOSH. HUGGINS

A.D. 1865

in bold characters, and moistening his pencil ever and anon with the tip of his tongue, in order to render the letters more emphatic.

Oh, Mr. Huggins! and do you really think the world will be much edified by the perusal of your autobiography? Do you think you will raise yourself in public estimation, or inspire the least romantic interest by this inscription? The time will come, dear Josh, when some equally ambitious shopboy will efface your honoured name to make room for his own, and then the ruthless whitewasher will come and consign both to oblivion.

*'Denique non monumenta virum dilapsa videmas  
Cedere proporro, subitque senescere casu!'*

How much *then*, Mr. Huggins, for your hopes of future reputation? Believe me, you had better keep your pencil for the shop accounts.

At the N.E. angle of the inner area, and near the foot of the keep, is Mountjoy's Tower, an interesting relic of Norman work. Hard by this, a small gateway leads to the place of arms, a large open piece of ground, protected by high ramparts, and enclosed by fortified walls of the Elizabethan age.

A useful little guide-book, compiled by Mr. G. Brannon, gives the following information concerning Carisbrooke:—

'The origin of the castle is by some attributed to the Celts, and by others, on better evidence, to the Romans; but the first authentic notice is found in the Saxon annals, where it is spoken of as a place of considerable strength. The period immediately succeeding the Conquest was the most important in the history of the castle, when William Fitz-Osborne, the first lord of the Isle of Wight, commenced the additions which must have rendered it in those times a formidable place of defence. The walls of the Norman fortress, which are still seen, included the keep, and rather more than an acre and a half of land; but in Doomsday Book it is described as occupying one virgate, or about twenty acres of land—its present extent. We may therefore presume that there were a series of outworks, which were subsequently embraced by the Elizabethan walls. Numerous alterations and additions were made by successive lords and

governors of the island, whose arms are occasionally traceable, and who resided here in great state and splendour. In the reign of Elizabeth, the whole of the works were strengthened and enclosed by a strong wall, defended by five bastions and surrounded by a moat.

A few years ago the remains of a Roman villa were discovered in the vicarage grounds, to which the public are admitted on payment of a small fee. It seems to have been of considerable size, the outer walls extending over a space of ground about 150 feet in length, and some 50 or 60 wide. The tessellated pavement is well preserved, and when the foundations were first excavated, traces of colour, remarkable for its freshness, were found on portions of the building.

My next excursion was to Shanklin (once famous, as our ingenious contributor, the 'Crustacean Artist,' informs us, for its lobsters) *via* Brading and Sandown. I took a box seat on the Ryde coach—a situation which, by-the-way, I always prefer, in every season and all sorts of weathers, to the inside—and started one morning, at 10 A.M., from the Pier Hotel. Branching off obliquely from the Esplanade, we drove up a steep hill, eastward of the town, and lined on the right hand with villas, which have all been erected within the last few years. The left side of the road is still meadow land, bounded by a quickset hedge, over which oak and elm trees nod, but which, no doubt, will be by-and-by consigned, like its opposite neighbour, to the speculating builder's hands when the ever-increasing population of Ryde shall require it. And here let me parenthetically mention a remarkable fact which the late census has brought to light, and which I seriously recommend to the attention of eligible young men who may wish to settle in this locality. Out of a population of 9,369, there is an excess on the part of the gentler sex of 1,457. Fancy one thousand four hundred and fifty-seven ladies to spare! *There's a choice for you, beloved Coelebs!* You and I need not despair yet; and for

my part, when I can afford to join the noble army of mart—I mean—to enter the connubial state, I know where I shall look out for a wife.

At the top of the hill is a toll-gate kept by one Martha Rabbitts, a name which, as it appeared on the door, so tickled a stout red-faced gentleman on the other side of the driver that he nearly fell off his seat in a fit of laughter, and continued to explode at uncertain intervals for some distance on the road like an ill-regulated minute-gun.

The road turns off to the left past the turnpike and enters on a long lane enclosed by ample, thickly-wooded hedges, strewed about with corn-stalks from the recent harvest. Across the stubble, in the distance, you may see the neighbouring hills, undulating in their outline like the sea by which they are encircled, hollowed here and there in rugged chalk pits, and sometimes intercepted from the view by intervening foliage. Presently we get a peep of Bembridge Downs, with the new fort which is rising at their summit, and the obelisk in memory of Lord Yarborough, recently shifted from its old site to make room for military works. Anon we pass a half-finished railway-bridge, and other indications of the contemplated 'line' which is soon to afford increased facilities for (and take away half the interest in) a trip across the island. Then bowling down a shady avenue of lofty elms we drive on briskly to the town and harbour of Brading.

The harbour is only filled with water at high tide, when, owing to its peculiar shape and the narrowness of the little isthmus which connects it with the sea, it has all the appearance of a lake. Several attempts have been made to reclaim the land thus covered to the extent of some eight hundred acres, but without success. In the course of some experiments to meet this object, a stone well was discovered in the centre of the haven, plainly indicating that at some time or other the latter was *terra firma*.

The coach pulls up by the side of Brading Church, which is said to be the oldest in the island, to enable



tourists to descend and inspect the grave of 'Little Jane,' whose name will be familiar to those who have read the 'Annals of the Poor.' Not having done so myself, nor caring to listen to the comments of some of my cockney fellow-travellers on the subject, I strolled into the church itself, which contains some curious old monuments of an early date, and two incised slabs in the pavement of the chancel bearing the following inscriptions:—

HERE LIES THE NOBLE PERSON, JOHN CHEBOWIN, ESQ. WHILST HE LIVED CONSTABLE OF THE CASTLE OF PORCHESTER. HE DIED IN THE YEARE OF OUR LOEDE 1441, ON THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH OF OCTOBER. MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE. AMEN.

JHŮ HAVE MERECIE ON WYLYAM BOWLY'S SOULE. AMEN. MCCCCXX.

Who can help contrasting the simplicity of such epitaphs as these with the vulgar panegyrics which prevailed on tomb-stones during the last century, and even down to our own time? Did any one ever believe those bombastic eulogies, or credit the fact that Jack or Tom were the purest, wisest, gentlest, and most faultless creatures in existence? 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' is all very well, but if we read 'nil nisi verum' what would become of half these pretty posthumous compliments?

Among the other curiosities of Brading are a Town Hall, supported on brick arches (I believe the tiniest public building I ever saw), and a bull-baiting ring, to which the animal was tethered while that noble sport was still in vogue.

Just outside the town we passed a blacksmith's shop, from which a board hung out describing the owner as—

JOHN CRIPPS  
THE TRAVELLER'S JOY.

Whether the private character of Mr. Cripps justified the addition of this endearing epithet, or whether the latter had merely reference to the replacing of lost horse-shoes, I cannot say, but it had the effect of

renewing the red-faced gentleman's cackinnations to that extent that the coachman grew seriously alarmed, and privately hinted to me that 'if the off outside was took like that again he couldn't answer for the consequences.' Happily at this juncture our facetious friend's attention was diverted by a heavy shower of rain, which continued all the way to Sandown, and thus enabled him to recover himself.

The military works which have been recently erected at this little watering-place have given it an air of importance which it never had before. Shops, inns, and lodging-houses have sprung up in all directions, each bearing in its name or character some sign of the influence which called it into existence. Thus we have 'Fort Place,' 'Fort Tavern,' 'Battery Lodge,' &c., &c. Some of the very houses look like casemate fronts, with staring red-brick piers and arches. Groups of whiskered warriors—no doubt the awe and admiration of rustic small boys and village nursery-maids—are lounging here and there, and pipeclay is suggested on all sides.

We pull up at that favoured hostelry which, as there are three inns in the town and I do not wish to make invidious distinctions, I shall make bold to call the 'Royal Salute.' I dare say it is a very comfortable establishment inside, but I took a prejudice against it on account of the waiter, who came out to greet us in a white waistcoat which ought to have been at the wash a fortnight ago. He was, moreover, a lazy, sulky-looking waiter—a waiter who couldn't give you any information about anything or anybody, and wouldn't if he could; an inhospitable, bleak, and blue-nosed waiter; a waiter so clumsy that he couldn't catch the driver's whip when it was thrown to him; in short, a very objectionable waiter indeed.

'Now then, butter-fingers!' cried the driver, as his whip fell upon the pavement, 'can't you keep them ugly fins of yours handy when they're wanted? You'd make a fast-rate long-stop in a cricket match, you would, quite a acquisition to the All England Eleven, if they only know'd

where to find yer! Just bring the steps for these here gen'llemen to git down, can't yer, stooped?

Our descent having been thus facilitated, we all found our way, dripping wet, into the bar of the 'Royal Salute,' where I ventured to ask our Jehu—after a fine old traditional custom, which will only become obsolete when the last stage-coach is broken up for firewood—what he would take to drink.

'Well, thank ye, sir,' says Mr. Coachman, with a great show of diffidence, 'it's seldom or ever as I takes anything on the road, but if you *was* going to order anything short to keep out the wet—'

Something short is ordered immediately, and here I may remark that the characteristic brevity of this peculiar cordial is chiefly noticeable in the manner of its consumption, which is exceedingly rapid and well adapted to the habits of gentlemen of the road who have not much time to spare. It was, in short, a small dose of pale brandy, which the barmaid served in delusive little liqueur glasses to each of us. The driver very politely handed me one, and, giving another to the red-faced man, assuring him that it couldn't hurt him—a statement which the other gentleman did not attempt to refute—surveyed his own for an instant as if he were taking accurate levels with a theodolite, and then suddenly poured the contents down his throat. The red-faced man, with praiseworthy emulation, instantly followed his example, but, whether owing to want of professional skill, or to the sudden recollection of Martha Rabbits, he did not succeed so well. The brandy went down the wrong way, spasmodic contraction of the windpipe ensued, and a violent fit of coughing, so that by the time I had paid for 'three small pales,' and we had mounted on the box again, his face was redder than ever.

'Stop a minute,' said the driver, tugging the apron well round his off outside friend and buckling the strap to the box-rail behind him, 'let me just fix you firm in your seat afore we start in case you're took with them hystericks again. I'm not a-going to let you fall off that

seat and kill yourself and then say I did it.' At last the red-faced man was properly secured, the ostler drew off the horse-cloths, and away we went through the pelting rain.

'Was ever you at Ventnor, sir?' said the driver to me when we had got fairly on the road.

'No,' said I, 'but I mean to go there before I leave the island. It's a very healthy place, isn't it?'

'Ah! you may well say that, sir,' said the coachman, disengaging the lash of his whip from a splinter-bar. 'It is a 'ealthy place and no mistake. There's very few places like it. A wonderful place for invalids is Ventnor. I've known people come to that there town as ill as ill could be, with scarce a bit o' life left in 'em. I won't say exactly dead, because I never *did* know a party as died and come to life again, but I've known 'em come all *but* dead and go away again after a month or so as game as possible.'

'Really now,' said the red-faced man, for once becoming serious.

'It's a fact, I assure you, gen'llemen,' said the coachman. 'Ventnor's the place for a ailing man. Why he couldn't help recov'ring himself there whether he wanted to or no. Talk of Torquay,' added he, with supreme contempt, 'why Torquay is nothin' to it.'

'You don't say so,' said the red-faced man, with great earnestness.

'Indeed I do though,' replied the coachman; 'and I think I ought to know, for I'm a Ventnor man myself.'

Now although this fact, in connection with the point in question, may have clinched the argument in a different sense to that intended by the coachman, it certainly had the effect of anticipating any doubts that we might have expressed, and so the conversation dropped until we reached Shanklin.

The rain had been falling heavily all along the road, and when we drove into the village, we outsiders were pretty well drenched. The two principal inns in the place, which belong to the same proprietor, are labelled respectively the 'Shanklin Hotel' and the 'Hotel Shanklin,' both snug, picturesque, and cheerful—

looking establishments, with casements opening on to pleasant gardens filled with roses, rhododendrons, and fuchsia-trees. I say *trees* advisedly, for the fuchsia plants grow so luxuriantly in the Isle of Wight that they can be called nothing less.

Before one of these cosy hosteleries the coach at length pulled up, and, having taken leave of my worthy charioteer and the red-faced man, I descended and rushed into the bar. I need scarcely say that the barmaid remarked that it was a wet day, that was but natural; nor that it might clear off, *that* was but kind; but in answer to her question as to whether I would like to take anything, I could not help remarking that I was more like to take a cold than anything else at that moment, and begged to know where I could find a fire.

Well, there wasn't a fire in the bar, in the coffee-room, in the smoking-room, or in Mrs. Landlady's parlour. Of course not. How should there be at that time of year? Was there a fire in the kitchen? Yes, there was a fire in the kitchen if I wouldn't mind going there; and John, please to show this gentleman the way to the kitchen; and John showed the way accordingly. After knocking at the door of that apartment he explained to Mrs. Cook that a gentleman as come off the Ryde coach wished to dry himself by the fire.

'Well, he's quite welcome, I'm sure,' answered that lady very cheerfully, without looking up from her work, 'but of course I shall expect a glass of brandy-and-water.'

I thought this a tolerably cool request, and feeling sure that it would not have been made by a native of this unsophisticated little place, I ventured, in course of conversation, to ask Mrs. Cook if she had been long in her present situation.

'Two year come Friday fortnight,' she answered, 'and precious tired I am of it.'

'Why, you must have an easy berth here in the winter,' said I.

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Cook, 'and that's the wust of it. The place is well enough in its way, but it don't suit me, it's too dull. You see I've been used to more life. Do you know the "Old Ummums" in Co-

vent Garding. Of course you do. Well, I was cook there for five year or more, and seen a deal of life. Ah! it's a nice 'ouse is the "Old Ummums," quiet and respectable-like for bachelors—not a chambermaid allowed to be seen about the premises—as much as her place is wuth to cross the 'all when any gentleman was about. Not that p'raps gentlemen would have minded it, but sich was the regulations—that strict, you know. Still there was a deal o' life. Law bless you, the difference between the "Ummums" and this here place is tremendous.'

At this juncture the waiter entered with the brandy-and-water, in which Mrs. Cook was good enough to drink my health, and then a lively discussion ensued between the male and female domestic in consequence of Robert having mentioned that a Rooshian gent at the '— Hotel' had been so well pleased with his dinner that he sent out a glass of port to each of the servants—a statement which Mrs. Cook received with magnificent contempt, declaring that that was nothing to the acknowledgments of her professional skill which were made at the 'Old Ummums,' where she had often been presented with half-sufferins, yes, and sufferins too, for a good dinner. Mr. Robert here observed that such instances of generosity were only to be met with among gents of the right sort, which was scarce, and that for his part he considered himself lucky when he got a shilling. Mrs. Cook then proceeded to show that his case, so far from being parallel to her own, was what she metaphorically described as 'another pair of shoes,' and finally recorded her belief in waiters being *that* rapacious that there was no satisfying them.

The coffee-room bell then suddenly summoned Mr. Robert to his duties, and having by this time well aired myself by the fire, I wished Mrs. Cook good-morning and strolled out into the village. The rain had long ceased, and the sun shone down kindly on the thatched roofs and trellis-covered walls of Shanklin as I left the hotel. The sweet country air, mingling with a pure sea-breeze,

seemed more delicious to me than all the perfumes which Messrs. Piesse and Lubin could devise. Jessamine and clematis hung upon many a cottage porch and window. How fresh and green the hedges looked after the rain, as I made my way between them, towards the shore, which lies two hundred feet below! Emerging from the lane which they thus inclose, I enter on an open road which skirts the edge of the cliff and then winds round a sandbank to the venerable 'Chine Inn,' of which more anon. Descending thence by steps and a circuitous path, I find myself at last upon an ample sandy beach, which stretches off for miles on either side and forms a lovely bay, bound, in its sweep, by lofty walls of gault and greensand, and terminating eastwards in the Culver Cliffs, whose chalky whiteness forms a dazzling contrast to the deep-blue sea below, while Dunmore promontory rears its lofty height towards the west. Raised on a little terrace, a few feet above the level of the highest tide, are seen a dozen little cottages, with garden-plots hedged in with tamarisk, and porches overgrown with myrtle. These are the property of sundry fishermen and natives of the place, who let them out as lodgings in the season, and whose humbler habitations may be seen hard by, surrounded by lobster-baskets, boats, and spars, or hung with those inevitable blue serge robes and drying towels which appertain unto the seaside bath.

The tide is out, and so are the good people of Shanklin, at least that transient population who come here to keep holiday. There is no vulgar crowd—no cockney Margate swelldom—no cheap dandyism or flaunting finery about the place; but groups of quiet people pace the shore or sit and read upon the rocks, as if they had really come here for their own sakes and not to show themselves to one another. There is Paterfamilias with this morning's 'Times,' and Mrs. P. unravelling the plot of a sensation novel. Their youngest children are engaged with wooden spades and buckets piling the sand into a mimic fort and filling the moat with

sea-water, manning it with shrimps and crabs, and revetting its escarp wall with limpet-shells, while their merry laughter rings along the shore. As for the young ladies, three of them have just stepped down from a bathing-machine, and are dancing hand-in-hand, like water nymphs, amidst the surge. Their long fair hair streams back behind them as they leap up to clear the waves. How closely the wet drapery clings upon their graceful forms, like the vestal Chiton of Greek statuary! what charming contours it reveals in every action! Is not this more picturesque and infinitely superior to that hateful crin—, but good gracious, what am I about? I have no right to be looking on, and I declare here comes Paterfamilias to remonstrate with me for my impertinence . . .

Thank goodness, he only wanted a light for his cigar. I gave him my last fusée and then turned into Mr. Starboard's bazaar to buy some more. Mr. Starboard is a proprietor of bathing-machines, and his bazaar is not unlike a good roomy one, adapted for family use, itself.

There is no one in the shop when you enter, nor will you find inside any door communicating with back premises. About half the cubical contents of the room is occupied by goods. Of course you may take any article you please; but if you want to pay for it, you must either sit down patiently on the chance of Mr. Starboard's dropping in—which he does sometimes after a cruise—or walk about the beach until you find him. As I chose the former alternative, I had a good opportunity of taking stock of the commodities. There were toy-pumps, and wooden spades, and scaramouches, and baskets for collecting specimens, and sea-shells burnt into prismatic colours, and gaily-painted little figures of animals (including a parrot, a cat, a bantam-cock, a donkey, a white bull-dog with a black hat on, and a camel), which all squeaked in precisely the same manner; and diminutive Noah's arks and 'crystal cream' pomade, and letter-weights, and stereoscopes, and kaleidoscopes, and 'kiss-me-quick' scent, and

camp-stools, and photographs, and tooth-brushes, and model-boats, and tracing-slates, and woolly sheep whose tails vibrated with a sort of galvanic action on being drawn along, and a marvellous little wooden effigy, looking like Sesostris impaled (which jerked out its legs and arms at right angles in apparent anguish, but with a stern regard for symmetry, to the sound of tinkling music); to say nothing of landing-nets, sealing-wax, pincushions, and lovely dolls with porcelain bosoms and pink leather limbs. Most of these articles had been packed and heaped together in such an artful manner that you could not take one out without bringing the whole about your ears, like a game of spillicans on a large scale. Finding that Mr. Starboard did not turn up, I took the liberty of appropriating a box of fuses and leaving twopence in its place. After which I turned my steps towards the Chine Inn.

Perhaps, before I mentioned the Chine Inn, I ought to have said something about the Chine itself, which is described in the Guide-book as one of the most attractive features of the island. But whatever beauty it may have once possessed, I found in it nothing but that order of picturesqueness which distinguishes the Swiss cottage in the Colosseum. It is a natural ravine or little chasm in the sandrock, through which a rivulet once flowed, falling from its natural bed, some thirty feet above, in the form of a cascade—a pretty sight enough, no doubt, when the water was clear, and Nature had her own way with the crumbling boulders, shrubs, and bramble bushes which lined the defile. But now, forsooth, when a level, clean-swept, artificial path, protected by a wooden rail, leads you to the spot where once there was a waterfall, you find—O horrors!—a dribbling SOMETHING which reminds more than one of your senses of a drain.

The Chine Inn, on the contrary, has not degenerated one iota from its ancient dignity. There it stands, the very model of a country inn, with steep thatched roof, and mo-

dest portal and cosy little windows, overshadowed by an ancient oak with gnarled trunk and picturesque entanglement of branches. How many artists have sat down to sketch it! How many sturdy sons of Neptune have sucked their pipes and quaffed their beer beneath its kindly shade! There seems an honest sympathy between the rugged tree and homely little inn. They have both grown old together in such close companionship that one feels they belong to each other and never can be separated, so long as brick and mortar may endure, and sap ascend that venerable stem.

Being somewhat below the middle height, I had no need to stoop my head as I crossed the threshold of the Chine Inn, though many of its customers, I trow, must enter with that reverence. The public room inside—bar, parlour, kitchen all comprised in one—with whitewashed walls and neatly sanded floor, has an air of rustic comfort about it which you vainly seek in gilded coffee-rooms. The heavy beams which cross the ceiling—the ample fireplace with its row of burnished pots and pans above, and snug chimney-corner at the side, the patriarchal clock and round old-fashioned table, with Windsor chairs and oaken benches, are all in keeping with the place. So are the bronzed and brawny tars who have dropped in to smoke their pipes, and sit hob and nobbing over brown-clay mugs of beer. As I drew my chair to the fire and sat down with my back to the window, I noticed, for the first time, a very remarkable picture which hung upon the opposite wall. It was an intensely accurate representation of the fireplace, and included a faithful portrait of the copper kettle with steam issuing from its spout. Also the likenesses of two brass candlesticks at either end of the mantelpiece, and several intervening vessels of a culinary description ranged in perfectly symmetrical order along the shelf. But the most remarkable feature in the group was the figure of an old man with a small body and an enormous head, who sat crouching in the chimney-corner on a low seat, smok-

ing a churchwarden pipe by the side of a quart pot of foaming ale.

I ventured to inquire who this gentleman might be, and was immediately referred by the company to Bill Halyard, who knewed him well and could spin a power of yarns about him when he had a mind to.

Here Mr. Halyard, who was occupying the identical place in the chimney-corner to which I have referred, blushed a sort of uncouth blush, and told his companions to 'get out'; but after some further solicitations, twitched up his trousers, refilled his pipe, took a long pull at the stone mug, and then proceeded as follows:—

'There's been a good many folks here as have axed me about that there picture, sir, and well they may, for if ever there was a character in this here world that old cove was one. As long as ever I can reckon back, he'd come every arternoon as reglar as clockwork and set in this corner—winter and summer, sir—no matter what the weather might be there he'd set with his pipe and his pot of fourp'ny, for all the world like a blessed old salamander—which in fact was what we called him, though his real name was Jemmy White. Old Jem was a carpenter by trade, but he never made much money that way, and he didn't want to neither, for he'd got a sort o' income of his own and lived, as you may say, like a gentleman. But the curioesest thing about him was his head, which would ha' made two of yours or mine, sir. I never see such a head in my born days; 'twould have been a fortune to any show, if he'd been that way inclined. Folks used to say as how 'twas water on the brain, but if it wor, I should like to know how it got there, for 'twas precious little water he took aboard in his life. Still there might have been somethin' wrong with the old gentleman, for he was took bad with fits sometimes until we cured un.'

'And how did you manage that?' I asked.

'Well, sir, 'twas along o' this way. You see Jem was particular partial to this corner. It belonged to him as you may say. He'd set here

and set nowhere else. The place was kep for him, and there wasn't one of us as durst set in it while Jem was in the way; and when he *did* get into it, there he'd stick I promise you. The doose himself couldn't make un budge. You might pile up the fire fit to roast a ox, and you might let off squibs and crackers behind him—nothin' wouldn't do to move un. He'd set there, and he'd 'ave his pipe and then he'd have his fourp'ny—and then praps he'd 'ave a fit, just to wind up with, and show that he'd done for the day. Well, I'd often heard as how them 'plepsy fits was all a make up, and no one needn't have 'em unless they're minded; so I tell ye what, I says, it's my belief that that old Salamander is a gammoning us, I says, with them fits, and if he comes that game again, I says, I'll try the water cure, my lads.'

(Here a long-suppressed guffaw of laughter greeted the speaker from his audience, the majority of whom had of course heard the story about fifty times before.)

'Well, sir, he come in here one arternoon werry cross cos as how he'd heard that some one had been a-setting in his seat that morning, though he never com'd before four hisself—but he was a reglar old dog in the manger that way—and he had his pipe and worry nigh a quart of fourp'ny—and then he filled his pipe again, and we thought as he'd forgotten his fit. Hows'ever, off he went at last kicking out fore and aft like a wicious old mule; and I says, Now's your time, my lads; and we come alongside, and I says, Now easy all, my lads, I says, and *all together*, and us took un up, sir, and us carried un down to the shore. It was blowing a stiffish gale and the tide was coming up, and us gave un a good ducking—when all at wunst, "Avast there," he says, "give over, lads, I'm all right now." And sure enough, so he was, and wots more, he kep right ever since, and never 'ad none of them fits again, or come any more nonsense over us. So us subscribed a shillin' apiece and has his portray took by a reglar painter and glazier



from Ryde as comes over here sometimes. And he took off his head exact and put in the old chimney-corner, and the kittle, and the canle-sticks, and the tinder-box, and the fire, and smoke, and everythin' quite nat'ral as you see it now. But as for old Jim, Lor! I never see such a portray. Talk about *like* him, why you may say it's *him* himself, although,' added Mr. Halyard, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'although he's been dead and gone these five year.'

Here ended the remarkable history of Mr. James White, commonly called the Old Salamander, and here, too, must terminate this article. I had intended to describe my pilgrimage through Luccombe Chine to the Landship—that wild and rugged labyrinth of fallen rock and sturdily bramble, which Mother Earth in pure mischief made some fifty years ago, and since has done her best to deck with picturesqueness—I would have wandered on to Bonchurch,

'Where Nature has her charms combined,  
With grove and stream and valley joined;  
'Where glen, and rock, and mountain high,  
Are blent in strangest harmony.'

I might have lingered by the grave of good John Adams—that modest tombstone on which the Shadow of the Cross for ever falls—and sketched for you that little church—the tiniest I think that ever was—with its rubble walls and venerable red-tiled roof peeping out below the

elm-trees in 'God's Acre,' with the deep, blue, peaceful sea around it. I could have climbed (with my pen for alpenstock) St. Boniface's Downs and mapped out the country as it lies beneath, from the white Culver Cliffs to the craggy Needles. I wanted to show you how the waves came roaring in at Black Gang Chine—lashing themselves into angry foam upon the shingle—to detail all the wild magnificence of that sad sea-shore, and give a full account of that Leviathan, the monster whale, which came aground in 1841, and whose skeleton is still preserved in all its ponderous integrity. The pretty little Sandrock Inn at Niton, with its ivy-covered walls and mossy lawn, commanding such a view of coast and woodland that it is surprising visitors ever ask for their bills at all—the Royal Sandrock Hotel, I say, should also have been celebrated on these pages (and a charming little dinner we had there too, with unexceptionable sherry). All these and endless other points for comment or narration have occurred to me, and I might go on scribbling until I had filled a whole number of 'London Society,' and instead of the pleasing variety of literary matter which you now find therein, there would have been nothing but one long, dry, prosy paper by your humble servant. But this is absurd (as Euclid hath it). Wherefore I conclude at once, *quod erat—* ever so long ago—*faciendum*.

JACK EASEL.



# LOTTY'S EXPERIENCES:—

*How she tried to Manage her House on Two Hundred Pounds a Year.*

WE had been engaged for two years, Charlie and I, and, to tell the truth, I for one was beginning to tire of it. Not of Charlie, you understand, for he always was and is the best and dearest fellow in the world; but a state of betrothal, like matrimony, has its drawbacks.

At first everything connected with it was delightful: I did not care if it were to last for ever just as it was. You know the customs of society do not allow a lady to show her preference for a gentleman, no matter how much she may like him, until some demonstration has been made by him; and, though I knew myself I liked Charlie better than any one in the world, I dared not allow any one else to know it, and him last of all; so it was a great comfort to hear his sentiments from his own lips, and know they were exactly similar to my own.

Then, every one told me I was such a lucky girl; and, though I knew it, yet, like Charlie's confession, it was pleasant to be told it again.

Another advantage was, that Charlie's authority over me being sanctioned and acknowledged by every one, I threw off all allegiance to other powers, and did at home precisely as I liked; and it was great fun. Mamma and the girls used to complain to Charlie; but, as you may suppose, that did them very little good.

But, pleasant as this state of things was, there were some inconveniences connected with it; and, as time went on, these seemed only to increase; or, as the novelty wore off, I felt them more.

First, there were parties. If Charlie were not going, he objected to my being at one without him; and, whether he went or not, it was equally uncomfortable. I was not to dance round dances unless my partner were honoured with Charlie's special approval, and, six times out of seven, he would de-

nounce him as 'that fellow,' and insist on my sitting down. That made one look so foolish, especially when a whisper would go round the room that we were an engaged couple, and every one kept far off, supposing they were doing us a kindness in not interrupting our tête-à-tête.

Then if I carried my point, and went to some house where either Charlie had no invitation, or was otherwise prevented from being present, the worry was only staved off until the next day. One question would follow another. Where had I been? Who was there? Who had I talked to? Had I danced?—and, pray, with whom? And fencing was of no use. Out the truth had to come, sooner or later.

I tried making him guess, and when he made a hit, telling him he was so clever. I tried flooding him with jocular anecdotes of what had taken place. I made fun of my partners, giving satirical descriptions of their dancing and conversation. I tried pouting, petting, coaxing—nay, I have even on one or two occasions gone so far as to tell him I wished he had been there, and his absence had spoiled all my pleasure—which was not strictly true. But all was useless. There was no diverting Charlie from his purpose. The truth he would have; the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The worst of it was, he never said much at the time; but I found to my cost that, when another similar occasion arose, Charlie's memory had been retentive, and he took measures accordingly. It was such a nuisance!

But that was only an occasional annoyance; others came which filled up the intervals. When the military bands played in the squares, and all our acquaintances promenaded there, it was as much as my life was worth to go before Charlie came from his office; and though I never had what is called among

girls 'scarlet fever' very violently, still it was very tantalizing to see my sisters with tribes of officers, and know that, only for Charlie's absurd nonsense, I too might have been having a little fun.

There is Lilly Burroughs—such a sensible girl as she is—has been engaged to Johnny Sellon for two years, and no one knows a word about it. He is out with his ship on the West India station, and cannot be home for two years. Maybe he will die of yellow fever before that—who can tell?—and if he does, Lilly will make no fuss, and take some one else. It is a great thing to be a sensible person—which I never was. As Lilly said to me one day, 'Well, Lotty, I had no idea you were such a fool. The idea, at this age of the world, of falling in love, is rather too much of a good thing! It is absolutely preposterous!'

Another dreadful bore was, that Charlie always came home with us from church on Sundays, and spent the day with us. I do not mean that the mere fact of his coming was a bore; but that the Sundays were so often wet was a bore. I do believe the rain made a point of falling in the afternoons to vex us. Imagine us sitting from two o'clock till half-past five, by the fire in the back drawing-room—for my sisters always made a point of leaving us alone, as they considered, in peace; and what could one get to say all that time? One cannot talk for ever; it would be a sad thing for the rest of the world if one could; and besides, I saw Charlie nearly every day. More than once we slipped out softly, for fear of my mother stopping us and saying we were lunatics, and walked under an umbrella in one of the squares.

It was bad enough to see no end to this state of things; but it was much aggravated by the well-meant, but officious queries of my aunts and cousins to the fortieth degree.

'Well, Lotty, any news of your wedding yet?' when they knew as well as I did that we could not afford to marry on Charlie's salary, and, like the Micawbers, we were waiting for 'something to turn up.'

Things were in this state when, one day, Charlie and I had a serious row. (N.B. Charlie has just looked over my shoulder, and says 'serious row' is bad English, which I do not dispute; but as Charlie's own vocabulary is not of the choicest, I think he ought to spare himself the trouble of correcting mine.)

This 'serious row' was all about an invitation to dinner which Charlie's mother had sent me, and which I thought fit to decline. He was dreadfully vexed, and showed it; and I—I pretended not to care. I am very fond of my mother-in-law now; but at that time we did not get on at all smoothly. I am not going to wax penitent, and say I was young and foolish then, and did not know how to take her the right way, and write down a recantation of all my former opinions. I said then, and say still, she was, during the time of my engagement to her son, one of the most aggravating old women I ever met. If I went to spend the day with her, and wore an old or inferior dress, then she was sure to attack Charlie afterwards, and say, 'She was sorry I did not think it worth my while dressing respectably to come to her house;' and if I put on a new or good dress, it was sure to be, 'She feared my habits and my future prospects would never conform to each other; I was wasteful, and extravagant, and knew not how to make a difference in my dress between a quiet family dinner and a grand fête. Many a man had been brought to ruin by his wife,' etc., and, *du capo*, drawing a touching picture of her poor dear Charlie in the Marshalsea Prison—all through my wickedness; and I need not tell my readers that all this, while it annoyed Charlie, did me no good.

I see, since, it is only a way mothers have of sitting in judgment on their sons' *fiancées*; however they may be pleased in a son-in-law, they never yet found a daughter-in-law good enough for their darlings.

In consequence of her persistent pursuit of this course, I had made a mental resolution, which I was determined to put in practice; and

that was, to take as little of the society of Charlie's mother as possible now, and as soon as I was married and in a fixed position, to break out into rebellion, and set all her most cherished opinions at defiance.

I am very fond of her now; but it was not in human nature to bear with her ways then.

This dinner-invitation was my first opportunity of declining her society, my first practical protest; and Charlie was as mad as a hatter at me. He remonstrated, and I sulked; he questioned, and I refused to answer; and we parted on bad terms.

After this, for three whole days he did not come to see me—not until the unlucky dinner-party was over, and until I was getting frightened at his long absence, for I loved him heartily, but not his mother. On the fourth day I stayed at home in hopes he would come; and I was not disappointed. Charlie was employed in a government office; and, as soon as was possible after the hour for closing it, I heard his footstep on the stairs.

He came in just as usual, as if nothing was wrong between us, and took the seat beside me on the sofa, as he had done a hundred times before. We talked about one or two indifferent things first; and, as a kind of olive-branch, I asked for his mother. He answered rather shortly, and then, drawing me closer to him, said—

'My dear little woman, I have brought you a present; but before I give it to you I want to have a little talk with you.'

My courage sank below zero at this. 'Now for it,' I thought, 'I am in for a scolding.'

But it was not precisely that.

'I am afraid, dear Lotty,' he said, gently, 'you think me very exacting, and very tiresome; and so I suppose I am, for I find myself getting worse every day. I have been thinking how we could make a change; it is the only remedy I can see. This falling out is bad for both of us; and though we may make it up afterwards, I fear we both hold to our own opinions.'

'No, no,' I said; 'I was wrong, Charlie.'

'Well,' he said, sealing my confession, 'perhaps you were this time; but it might happen again; who knows?'

I thought it most highly probable that it would, but I did not say so; and he went on—

'As I was coming along to-day, I saw in Herbert's window a book, "How I managed my house on 200*l.* a year," and I said to myself, "That's half the question; I shall take the book to Lotty, and, if she thinks she can do it, why, in heaven's name, let us fix a day as soon as possible." So I bought the book, and here it is; they tell me it is a very interesting story.'

And as he spoke he untied the parcel, and laid on my lap Mrs. Warren's well-known book with the yellow cover.

I am not a woman to go into ecstasies about things, being more one of those who come under the denomination of 'cold-blooded;' but I must say this idea of Charlie's delighted me greatly. The rest of our conversation I need not repeat; it was more interesting to us than it would be to the reader; but the end of it was, I put on my bonnet and went with Charlie to make a visit to his mother; and so peace was established between us all.

That evening I sat down to read my book, very diligently, for I was determined to make myself up thoroughly in the matter before Charlie came the next day. Perhaps it would be better to mention to the reader that we had almost made up our minds to marry on Charlie's salary of 200*l.* a year, quite irrespective of the contents of the book; but I had an idea we were setting about it more prudently by being guided by experienced Mrs. Warren, whose books of knitting patterns alone must inspire respect for the talented author in every well-regulated female mind.

I read on very patiently until I came to page 20, where the heroine finds herself in an empty house, in which it seems neither she nor the husband remembered there was no furniture. What a

foolish creature she must have been! I said, at least we shall have more sense than that. I wonder if she expected to find the tea-things set out in the drawing-room, the best china, silver teapot, and muffins, hot, waiting to be eaten? Just then papa called me to be his partner at whist, and I had no time to read any further that night, and so when Charlie came next day I had made very little progress. Nevertheless I said to him,—

'They were a silly pair, Charlie, and very extravagant, and I think we might manage a great deal better.' And Charlie, with the utmost faith in my abilities, never looked into the book at all.

'In fact,' I said, 'instead of it not being enough for us, I think we might even save a little. For some time at least, as long as my trousseau lasts, I shall need no money for dress; that is 15*l.* clearly saved; then if papa is still to give me my allowance, 30*l.* a year, that makes 45*l.*, which we can put in the bank; and so in five years we shall have saved 200*l.*, and have besides 25*l.* over to take a trip to London, or to Killarney, or to the Giant's Causeway.'

Charlie pondered for a moment, as if he were multiplying 25 by 5, and then said—

'So you think you can do it?'

'Live on 200*l.* a year! of course we can: even in the few pages I have read it makes it as plain as A B C.'

'You see, my darling, I know nothing whatever about beef or mutton, what it costs, or how much we should want to eat of it, and my mother, who does know, says we are two young fools, that we cannot live upon it with our notions.'

'And with my management!' I said, rather hurt. 'I feel obliged to your mother for her good opinion.'

'She means it well,' said Charlie; 'but I grant you she has a very unpleasant way of saying it.'

'Just like her,' I said to myself; but to Charlie I made no further observation on that especially tender point.

'Remember, Lotty, I am depending on you,' Charlie said, as he

kissed me at parting. 'Little house-keeper, I shall put the funds into your hands from the start. I shall have a quarter's salary in hand the week we come home, and you shall manage it for us.'

Dear fellow! how I wished his mother was more like him! Then I sat down and read the rest of Mrs. Warren's book at railway speed, getting up from it with a very confused notion of housekeeping—gravies, puddings, kitchen-stuff, and bread-pans, and Berthas, all jumbled up in my head; but still I had read nothing to lessen my confidence in my own powers of management.

'Do you like puddings, Charlie?' I asked him the next time he came to see me.

'Puddings! eh, Lotty! if they are good ones, but not otherwise.'

'But you can dine without them?' I asked, rather disappointed that Charlie had not said he detested puddings from the bottom of his heart.

'Of course, and often do. Why?' 'Because in the yellow book they were always having puddings, and mamma says they are an expensive part of housekeeping, and we must learn to dine without them, unless we have friends with us.'

'With all my heart, darling,' Charlie said; 'when we must have pudding we shall come over and dine here, for your mother's are always excellent; I must say that for them.'

'It is the difference between English and Irish habits,' I said. 'The Englishman will go distracted if he has not his greasy dumpling ready to swallow at one o'clock precisely. Thank goodness, we are Irish, and can dine off a good joint at a civilized hour of the afternoon or evening.'

My readers will have gathered from this last sneer of mine that we were natives of the Emerald Isle, and I have only to add that we resided in the metropolis.

'Another thing, Charlie,' I said: 'servants' wages are much less in Ireland than in England; mamma says she thinks 8*l.* a year quite enough for us to give, so that is

2*l.* a year saved, besides what I counted up to you before.'

'I declare you are first-rate, Lotty,' Charlie said, regarding me with the most genuine admiration.—'I had no idea you were so long-headed.'

I had not the slightest hesitation in taking credit for the good qualities and abilities with which dear Charlie chose to endow me in his affectionate belief in me—I sincerely considered them nothing but the truth.

I spare my reader the account of how we sought for a house, our difficulties and our disappointments, also the description of the one which we finally took in one of the pleasant suburbs of Dublin, only mentioning that, whereas we had started by determining to keep close to Mrs. Warren's directions and have a house which, with taxes, should only cost us 25*l.* a year, we found one to suit us could not be had for that sum, and we were obliged to give 35*l.*, being ten pounds more than prudent Mrs. Warren would have approved of.

I confess this beginning put me out a little. The 47*l.* a year which we were to have put by had at one stroke become 37*l.*: no joke to me it appeared. However, on returning to the book, I found one item I had overlooked. Clothes for babe, 5*l.* That is one thing, I said, we shall save. There is no use in talking to Charlie about it; but at any rate we shall save 42*l.* Not bad. Still the house was very much to my mind. Not large, but neat, and I reconciled myself to the small dining-room by saying that just at first we should not wish to give large parties.

My father furnished the house, my mother-in-law—and to do her justice, with no niggard hand—contributing plate and linen: so, as Charlie said, we had nothing to do but keep the house up; it was all ready for us.

It was a fine spring morning when we were married in St. Peter's Church. We had a beauteous tableaux of bridesmaids in gossamer dresses, carriages, favours, speech-making, bride's-cake and health-drinking, and drove off in a state

of happiness which defies description.

For an account of our travels, see Murray's Handbooks. We did London and Paris, feeling that if we neglected anything that other tourists had seen we must never again show ourselves among our friends at home; but after all we were just as happy in coming home to our new house and our experimental housekeeping as we had been in travelling and having table d'hôte dinners at fifteen francs a head. It was a pleasant house to which we came home, reaching it, per Holyhead boat and Kingstown Railway, about seven o'clock one evening. My mother and sisters were there to welcome us; also Charlie's mother, who, to do her justice, was quite as kind and affectionate as my own, and made as much fuss over me and my looks as over her dear boy; for, after the manner of mothers, she regarded her Charlie as A 1 of all human beings.

Dinner was ready when we arrived, to which we did full justice; and having concluded this, we went to inspect the house. A ground-plan with lettered description, explanatory, would scarcely interest the reader, especially as the arrangement of the apartments was essentially commonplace. Much more important to the interest of my story is the detail of the various housekeeping commodities with which my kind relatives had stocked the pantries. There were groceries of every kind; tea, coffee, sugar, spices, with rice, sago, starch, and many innumerable trifles, even to a bottle of Worcester sauce. Chandlery, a small barrel of ale, a modest supply of wine, some bread and butter, and a joint of meat, besides the very abundant dinner of which we had just partaken; I ought also to mention, there were coals in our cellar. What more could two people desire? If they would only last! I fell asleep that night as happy, nay, much happier than any queen I had ever heard of read of.

During our travels we had not quite expended the sum of money



which Charlie had set aside for our wedding trip; and on our return he continued to supply me with portions of it, saying—

'The longer we are from beginning to use my salary the better, Lotty; we shall then always be in advance, and not require the money exactly the day on which it is due, and of course I agreed.

For the first month we rarely dined at home, we had so many friends and relatives, who fêted and feasted us as successively as we could arrange to go to them, for we Hibernians are the soul of hospitality; and I had merely to provide dinner for our servant, who answered, as all servant-women do, to the euphonious name of 'Mary.'

But this state of things was not to last, nor was it at all desirable that it should. More than three weeks had passed since our return home, and on my telling Charlie one morning before he went to his office that my housekeeping funds were exhausted, he said—

'And so is my reserve fund, my dear. Now, Lotty, we begin life in earnest. This is the first of May, and you must manage for the best, darling.' I replied, loftily, that I had expected for some days that we must soon come on our quarter's salary, and that I for my part was ready to begin at once. I also showed him a large account-book, quite large enough to enter the daily expenses of the Lord-Lieutenant's household in, and showed him the principle on which I meant to keep it. It rather damped my spirits that Charlie was not startled and enchanted with my superior knowledge of book-keeping, for he looked at my book and said—

'Ah, yes, I suppose you will manage best on your own system,' and went up stairs to get me the money. I consoled myself by thinking that, being accustomed to a government office where large sums of money were always changing hands, Charlie could not bring his mind to such trifling details as—lettuce 1*d.*, cabbage 1*d.*, or firewood 2*d.* 'Men's minds,' I said to myself, 'are curiously constructed. I will ven-

ture to say no man would ever have written such a clever book as that Mrs. Warren has done, or thought of making 6*d.* a week by selling crusts of bread.'

Charlie returned with a bundle of notes and a handful of silver, which he deposited on the breakfast-table.

'Now, Lotty, get some envelopes.'

I am afraid it was not very economical to bring my best cream-laid envelopes, crested, long and narrow for invitation notes, but I had no others in the house, and though the fine blue and silver monogram at the fastening had nearly doubled the price of my paper, I helped Charlie to destroy nearly a packet of them that morning, putting money into them and scribbling on the outside.

'First,' said Charlie, 'there's the rent, 8*l.* 15*s.* Write "Rent" on that, and fasten it up. Then Mary's wages 2*l.*, and my allowance 5*l.* (I shall keep that myself), and how are you to manage your twenty-seven shillings? You have thirteen weeks to provide for.'

'Get thirteen envelopes,' I said, not feeling that my superior book-keeping directed me how to arrange this problem; and Charlie literally obeyed me. Into each envelope he put 1*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, being the allowance for food and washing for one week.

'Come,' he said, 'you cannot do without pocket-money, Lotty, you must often require cab hire, and that box of gloves won't last for ever; and do have something done to the bonnet you wore yesterday, your strings are very bad. How much do you want?'

I took 2*l.*, protesting against requiring any more money before the autumn, and then having concluded this novel method of book-keeping, I locked all the envelopes into a fine papier maché-covered desk, which had been one of my wedding presents, and Charlie bade me good-bye until dinner-time.

Before sitting down to-day to continue my narrative begun a few days before, I turn to the first pages of my formidable ledger and look at the entry of that day's marketing. With what care and neatness, in a

fine Italian hand, the entries are made! Modest sums, too, as befitting the wife of a man with an income of 200*l.* a year, and yet—how fearfully fast the money seemed to melt away. These are the items:—

	s.	d.
Beef . . . . .	3	6
Tea . . . . .	3	8
(This was before the duty was reduced.)		
Coffee . . . . .	1	9
Beer . . . . .	2	6
Biscuits . . . . .	1	6
Sugar . . . . .	3	9½
Vegetables . . . . .	1	0
Butter . . . . .	1	4
Bread . . . . .	1	0
Cheese . . . . .	2	0
Blacking . . . . .	0	6
Candles . . . . .	4	7
Total . . . . .	£17	1½

From this bill my readers will gather that we had drunk the tea and coffee, used the sugar, and burnt the candles which we had found in the house when we arrived at home, and were now, as Charlie said, beginning the world in earnest. I came home, removed my bonnet, and sat down to transfer the account from my pocket-book to the daily ledger; then I totted it up.

Twenty-seven shillings and a penny halfpenny gone already! and this only Monday morning. Six more dinners to be bought, and the milkman and the washerwoman yet unpaid! and we should require more bread and butter before the week was out, and there was Mary our servant, who declined to eat the bread and butter and tea purchased for her, and required 3*s.* 6*d.* to 'find herself,' as the local phrase is.

'One comfort,' I said to myself, 'we shall not consume all the tea and coffee and candles this week, so I shall borrow some money from myself if run short, and pay it out of next week's money; it will all come square at last.'

It would weary my indulgent reader, if I have been fortunate enough to find such an individual, were I to go into the details of how I managed for the rest of that week.

Suffice it to say that [I had already encroached by 7*s.* on the money my husband had given me for my own use. But I knew I could easily repay myself, so it caused me no uneasiness.

The next week was one which Dublin will long remember with pride and pleasure as the one in which our most gracious Prince came over to represent his royal mother and open our International Exhibition. Dublin went mad before he came making preparations, went mad when he did come enjoying the result of the preparations, and went mad after he went away because, as the song says, 'they'd nothing else to do.' For days before the Prince came nothing else was talked of:—how he would come, and when, what was to be done and what was to be said—in a word, how the most was to be made of so great an occasion. The old saying, that 'there is no rose without a thorn,' was verified in this case. I found my shoe pinch for the first time: I was not at the opening of the Exhibition; I was not one of the happy multitude who listened to the 'Coronation Anthem,' heard Mendelssohn's glorious 'Hymn of Praise,' or stood up at the first notes and waited for the grand burst of the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'

Charlie said we could not afford to take season tickets, for they cost two guineas each, and only season ticket-holders were admitted on this occasion. It was the first time I had had to deny myself any pleasure on the score of poverty, and I did feel very poor indeed. Then, what made it worse to me, my mother and sisters went, and the bonnets the latter had were enough in themselves to tantalize a poor woman whose husband had only 200*l.* a year. Charlie felt it a little, too, but more on my account than his own.

'Never mind, my darling,' he said, 'I have a holiday, and we can make a day of it, and be as merry as we like: that costs nothing.'

And I began to get over my disappointment, especially as we had invitations to the Lord Mayor's ball, and I had found at last a sitting

occasion to wear again my wedding-dress, which had not seen the light since the memorable morning when Charlie and I had started for Paris.

We had seats in a window in St. Stephen's Green in a friend's house, and, after an hour's waiting, saw the royal *cortège* dash past. Not for the world would I confess to my friends that I had not in reality seen the Prince; but, to tell the truth, my ignorance of state ceremonial was so great that when after several carriages had passed, and the real one with the Prince in it came, I knew it not, and only some faint shouting from some more enlightened individuals in the street, and Charlie's exclamation, made me cognizant of the fact that our future sovereign had dashed by. To this day I always maintain, and will maintain, that I saw the Prince—had, in fact, a capital view. One looks so stupid to be obliged to say he passed and you did not see him; better say, 'Yes, I saw him capitally—knew him by the photographs.' But the evening I expected would repay me for any deprivation in the morning, and when we came back from seeing the Prince return from the Exhibition, I shook out my white satin dress and laid it on the bed in the spare room, putting my most brilliant jewellery beside it, and with wreath and gloves added imagined myself attired for the ball. I do so love satin, I could have stood for ever admiring the glossy folds of my wedding dress, and getting up a little sentiment about the day it had been worn before, and the tears which had dropped over it—and happily done it no harm. Charlie's voice calling me to dinner interrupted my meditations, and I went down stairs, my mind having come, by a rapid transition, from satin and pearls to beefsteak and potatoes. That is the way of the world. In my case there was only a flight of stairs between queenlike robes and a subject's dinner. The beefsteak was badly cooked, smoked and burned, but Mary said it was the fault of the Prince and the fire; but whether he had with his royal hands extinguished the fire, and afterwards spoiled our dinner, I

could not well make out. I talked fast to keep Charlie's attention engaged, and we got through dinner very tolerably.

At last my toilet was completed. Charlie said 'I would do,' which was very tame, and did not sound like the compliments he used to pay me when I only wore cheap tarletane before we were married. Whatever he lacked in enthusiasm, however, was compensated for by the ecstasies of Mary the servant, who, good-natured soul, after assisting me in every way in her power, stood and surveyed me from head to foot, exclaiming like Mrs. Pitt Crawley's servant, in 'Vanity Fair,' 'Lor, m'am, 'tis bittiful!' The cab was at the door, and Charlie waiting in the hall, when I hurried down, my last words to Mary being 'Now, Mary, take care of the house,' and the faithful creature answered, 'Never fear, m'am.' In what this 'care of the house' consisted I never quite knew; not to set it on fire, I suppose, or walk out leaving all the doors and windows open; but I had been in the habit of hearing my mother always say it when we were going out, and thought it had a careful and matronly sound, so I said it to Mary before we left.

We were both in high spirits, and as we got into the city, and saw the crowd of carriages waiting to get into line, we anticipated a brilliant evening. It was about twelve o'clock when we found ourselves opposite the gates of Trinity College waiting our turn, and though Charlie stimulated our cabby by repeated promises of sixpences, shillings, and even halfcrowns, to break through and take up a better position for us nearer the Mansion House, the police were inexorable, and there we sat almost stationary, we moved so seldom, watching the illuminations. At first they were brilliant, then fading, then only here and there a solitary jet twinkling, till the grey dawn was coming up in the eastern sky, and the dreariness was tenfold increased by the close rain falling sluggishly on the deserted streets. At four o'clock we were at the Mansion House door. The Prince had long left, and even then the carriages

were bearing away the company. We were both tired and exceedingly cross. Charlie said it was my fault, having taken so long to dress, we were too late to take up an early position, and I saying it was his fault, not to have known there would be all this crushing and crowding, and prepared me for it. On one point we agreed, viz., to turn our horse's head and go home—and home we went. We had a latch-key and let ourselves in, and I went into the dining-room, where we had desired Mary to lay supper, and waited till Charlie would settle with the cabman. I suppose the man had a right to the money, for he made it plain, by adding all my husband's promised tips together, that we owed him nineteen shillings. He had to get it; and for people with 200*l.* a year to live on, this was a great deal to pay for sitting in Nassau Street all night in a cab.

Only that it would have been cruel to awake Mary, I would have called her up to assist me in undressing; but Mrs. Warren had warned me not to expect such attentions from a maid of all-work, who had to be about and on foot all day; so, with Charlie's assistance, I took off my finery, hating my satin dress as much as I had admired it in the morning. I was just going to get into bed, when I made the alarming discovery that the blankets were not on the bed, and on further investigation that there were none in our spare room, and on searching further, that neither Mary nor her blankets were in hers. This led to further scrutiny, and we found the faithful Mary had decamped, carrying with her an almost incredible number of loose articles. Besides the blankets, she had taken knives, forks, spoons, a teapot, boots both of mine and Charlie's, two or three dresses—I having in my haste omitted to lock my wardrobe—some tablecloths—in fact, such a variety of articles that we were several weeks before half our losses came to our knowledge. There was no use in going to bed now, we were too angry to sleep, and Charlie, equipping himself, went out to tell Policeman X of our

losses. 'Bobby,' as Charlie, from habit, persisted in addressing him, came back with him to the house, going through the usual ceremony policemen go through of examining the locks of the doors and the bolts of the windows, just as if that would bring back our stolen property, and finally promised to 'make a report,' which report did us not the slightest good. To my dying day I shall always believe the policeman was an admirer of Mary's, and knew all about her, and had often helped her to dispose of our cold beef, for Mary's appetite had always seemed to me unnaturally large for a woman's.

When the old woman whose business it was to clean our hall-door steps rang the area bell, I went down and brought her in to light the kitchen fire for me, and found a great comfort in telling her of my troubles. Charlie had gone to the police-station with the 'Bobby,' and while I waited for his return I took Mrs. Warren's book down, to see if she had made any provision for such a case as ours; but search as I would nothing met my eyes but the eternal round of bones and crusts, bread-pans and puddings. I came on the passage where she recommends you to put your cheap sherry in a cut-glass decanter, which reminded me we were to have our tea for breakfast out of the silver teapot, one of our wedding presents, Mary having taken the common one with her; but though I even added our best china to give the table a cheerful air to Charlie when he came in, our meal was gloomy, and our thoughts both running on which of our envelopes was to be broken open to replace the missing articles.

That morning I wiped out the bread-pan. My short matutinal study of Mrs. Warren had reminded me how much I had neglected that wise woman's counsels; and feeling that money must be had somehow, I sounded the cleaning woman, whom I retained until I could get a servant, as to the possibility of selling the crusts and bones.

I shall never forget that honest woman's indignation. 'Why, Miss,' she said (they address you as 'Miss,'

in Ireland, if young, whether married or single), 'why, Miss, them's mine. You don't think I cleans the steps for nothing! I am a lone widdy, glory be to God! and five children with good appetites, God bless them! and it's soon the new pittatays' (so she pronounced the word) 'will be coming in.'

The connection between my crusts and new potatoes I failed to see, so after engaging her to return before dinner and assist me, I set out in search of a servant.

It was some little comfort to be able to tell Charlie when he returned that I had engaged a servant who only demanded 6*l.* a year, and a rigid Roman Catholic, who, like the Pharisee in the Scriptures, fasted twice in the week. It would be so much saved, I thought, in the matter of dinner, not considering that if she did not eat meat there were a hundred substitutes she would expect to have.

We expended 5*l.* on a few things to replace those we had lost, anathematizing Mary, the Lord Mayor's ball, Policeman X—only stopping short of our gracious Prince; but though we only bought what we considered barely necessary, we had spent our quarter's emergency fund, and had nothing now in reserve but my allowance and the 3*l.* 5*s.* which my trousseau enabled me to save.

The new servant was anything but a treasure. She required constant looking after, could not be trusted to do more than boil potatoes, which she did plentifully, a large potful every day. I was obliged to go out to walk early in the day, and return in time to see Charlie's dinner prepared, or we should not have had a scrap of food fit to eat. One advantage, however, in this system—I was learning a good deal myself; for at first I had to go over every day to my mother's to ask how I was to manage: whether the fowls should be put on to boil in cold water or hot, or whether they would take one hour to boil or four.

Hannah had been with us about three weeks, when I was told one morning that a gentleman was in

the drawing-room who wished to see me on business, and, going in, found Mr. Smith, a gentleman who took an active part in managing the affairs of the proprietary church to which we were in the habit of going.

Mr. Smith was very polite—had observed us Sunday after Sunday at church—saw how much we were inconvenienced for want of seats we could always be sure of having—thought perhaps my husband would prefer having a pew of his own—had brought a map of the church showing several most desirable pews vacant; or if we preferred only to have 'sittings,' we could have them: a guinea a year each.

I promised to mention it to my husband, and after Mr. Smith left I went for Mrs. Warren, to see under what head this expense came. It could not be called an exigency, for every one must go to church, and if they have no pew to pay for there is an offertory, besides subscriptions to charities, which no man or woman having shelter and food and clothing for themselves could refuse to others having them not.

Mrs. Warren gave no help in this case, but I happily remembered the 2*l.* we were saving out of Hannah's wages; so, with Charlie's consent, the two sittings were taken, and half a year paid for in advance. Still, though we had permission to say our prayers free for six months, it must be remembered that the 2*l.* 2*s.* had all to be taken out of this quarter's salary; and though I had exhorted Charlie to be independent, and not allow us to be under obligations to other people for seats during divine service on Sunday, I felt uncomfortable at seeing the 'Exigency' envelope reduced so much already. Not one month yet, and the 1*6l.* in the 'Exigency' and 'Saving' envelope had become 7*l.* I found I was unable to repay myself the 7*s.* I had borrowed the first week, for Hannah required new dusters, some extra brushes, and some aprons. On the contrary, I borrowed from myself 5*s.* more to assist my housekeeping.

It was well I had purchased the clean ribbons which Charlie desired me to buy at once, for my 2*l.* had

almost vanished during the next week or two, and I felt I should require more ribbons before long, or my dear husband would be vexed to see me looking shabby. I took serious counsel with myself what I should do. My weekly allowance would not stretch out from Monday to Monday. We generally dined at my father's on Sunday; but if by chance we dined at home on that day, Saturday saw me in a state bordering on despair how to obtain a comfortable joint for the next day's dinner. Then meat was rising in price. I had to pay a shilling a pound on an average, and my allowance, unfortunately, did not rise with it. Then I was told the markets would go on rising; and when I thought of the prospect of spending all my future life trying to make sixpences do the duty of shillings, I felt married life was a nasty uncomfortable state of pinching, screwing, and vexation of soul, and that, after all, one had even less chance of pleasing themselves than they had long ago, when one only escaped from a nurse to be tyrannized over by a governess.

What was I to do? Again and again I puzzled over it. I used to go and walk in the squares after I had made my morning purchases, and revolve over and over again the question. Let not the reader think I was such a fool as 'Milly' in the book, nor so conceited and fond of announcing self-evident truths as Bertha. The litter and confusion and irregularity of Milly's household I had never known, for my mother's house was kept well and orderly, clean, but with an absence of fuss and parade. The household machinery went smoothly on. No violent upturning of the whole establishment, no perpetual chiming about polishing and scrubbing; for when one room was in the hands of the spoilers, we had always several others to retreat to, and my mother could preside at the dinner-table and chat to my father and brothers of other things than the rust on the bars, or the indifference of the charwoman, and be satisfied to have her rooms habitable again, without torturing the gentlemen of the

family to compliment her on performing what was merely her duty as mistress of the establishment.

Another thing: I never made entries in pass-books, leaving tradesmen to fill them up and send me what they pleased. I knew I could afford better to choose what would suit me, see it weighed, and pay for it on the spot. In this way I had much better value for my money, though to follow Mrs. Warren closely I had yet to find the butcher who could supply me with a joint of meat the exact weight, and with the exact amount of fat I chose to have. Nor do I believe the animal was ever born that could yield it. 'There can be no harm done,' I said, 'by having a few dinners out of Mrs. Warren's book. Next Monday I shall begin, and see what difference it will make.' So next morning I took the book up, and turning to page 48, where Bertha sends up a superior French dinner, I read the description, and prepared to act on it.

First, I knew it were worse than folly to walk out expecting to meet an obliging fishmonger who would give you the fish for half-price on condition you carried it home yourself. So I went down to the fishmonger's shop, and inquired the prices of the fish. I saw there fresh herrings good and cheap, but they always made Charlie ill; salmon 10d. a pound; soles 2s. and 3s. a pair. So I came home, and giving up the idea of fish, surveyed the remains of our Saturday dinner. I read all about Bertha's meat eggs, but I did not think they would do. A man who returns from his day's work strong and hungry requires more substantial food. We had breakfasted at half-past eight, and Charlie's bun at mid-day merely staved off hunger. So I did as I had done before a dozen times—made a savoury mince of the meat, comforting myself that if I had a smaller quantity than usual, I had at least the pudding to come after. This I made carefully, and having seen the oven the proper heat, put it in, and waited the result with some anxiety. I pass over my husband's remark on the scanty dish of meat, until I



come to the time when the pudding appeared.

'Pudding, Lotty!' he exclaimed, as he put a spoonful on a plate preparatory to helping me. 'And you call that a pudding? My dear child, you have forgotten everything that makes a pudding palatable. Here, Hannah,' he said to the servant, 'take it away; the mistress must try her hand again, unless,' he added, seeing my countenance fall, 'you should wish to have some yourself: I shall have some bread and cheese.'

I declined a share of Mrs. Warren's luxurious dish, as did Hannah when I offered it to her; and I had the pleasure of lunching off it myself next day, feeling it a matter of duty not to allow it to be lost.

Next day, Tuesday, I determined I would try the next dinner in the bill of fare, so turning to page 94, I began to prepare the pea-soup. I bought the peas, paying 3d. for the pint, and three half-pence for the six small onions. All well and good. I went on until I came to where I was to 'add some soup,' and the reader may imagine my consternation—I had no soup to add—and the cost of making it would far exceed the fourpence Mrs. Warren set it down at. So the soup was rather a failure. Then on Wednesday the two mutton cutlets were barely enough for Charlie's dinner, even though I told a falsehood, pretending I had ordered nothing for my own dinner because I was not hungry, intending to make up for it at tea with bread and butter. It was no economy in the end, for Charlie persisting that no one in good health would decline their dinner, and I must be ill, brought up some sherry, and made me drink two glasses of it before I knew what I was about.

Thursday I had no bones to make soup of, so I skipped on to Friday. Liver and bacon, spinach and poached eggs. I pictured to myself Charlie's face when a dinner of cow's liver should be set before him. Trotty Veek might enjoy it, but I feared for Charlie's temper; besides, taking the price of all these things together, I found I could buy

something with nourishing properties in it, but certainly have fewer dishes to set on the table.

At the end of a week I was no better than before. I had tried everything—I had spared no personal exertions—I had wasted nothing, yet I owed the butcher some money.

Then I began another week, during which I tried the 'supper dish without meat,' and the 'boiled flour: a light supper dish;' but Charlie did not appreciate either. He said he preferred his bread and butter without onions, and as to the boiled flour, he could not see the great advantage of having stores of it in tins. When cooked it might be nourishing, he could not say, but he denied that it was very delicious.

One day Charlie proposed we should ask some of our friends to dinner.

'My mother, and your people,' he said; 'we are always going to them, and it is exceedingly shabby and inhospitable, to say the least of it, that we never ask them here.'

It was just such an opening as I had been wishing for, to speak about money matters so I said, 'I have not the least objection, Charlie dear, but really I have no money, and we should give them a good dinner when we are asking them.'

'Why,' he said, 'this is only Tuesday. Where is your envelope for this week?'

I explained to him how I needed it all, and how I had had to pay last week's laundry bill out of this week's money, &c. &c.; all most important items to me, but I don't think he listened to one word I was saying; only when I stopped, he said—

'Take an envelope then, and use it. My dear Lotty, do not look so careworn; it is not worth fretting over; you will gain more experience presently.'

And Charlie adjourned to the kitchen to have a smoke.

We had our dinner party, and though I say it that should not, it went off exceedingly well. Charlie's mother expressed her

great approbation, and my mother took a great deal of credit to herself for having brought me up so carefully; and I—I knew I had used more than one of the envelopes, but I was out of debt to the butcher, and that was very comforting.

Next morning, before Charlie went out—up to this moment we had been discussing our very successful entertainment—my husband said, 'By-the-way, Lotty, you must divide the money differently, and allow me more pocket-money. I have not a sou left, and I promised a subscription for poor Johnson's family, and it must be paid to-day. That's a darling, give me 3*l.* now.'

'Oh, Charlie!' I exclaimed; 'and your money was to have lasted you for six weeks longer.'

'And it has not, and that is all about it, my pet. Cabs and baccy and gloves must be paid for somehow, and your woman in the yellow book is a fool, if that is her notion of dividing an income. Why, I have been as economical as possible, and there is all the thanks a fellow gets for screwing himself down.'

I gave Charlie the money with a sigh, and entered it in my ledger; but that did me little good. Then I read Mrs. Warren all over again, and could see no better way of managing things. We had no pastry; and as to her boast of washing her own laces and cuffs, Hannah washed mine, so I was not extravagant in that way. It was preserving season now, so I read all her receipts more carefully, but I could not see how the fruit and sugar were to be had, unless I took another envelope out; which I did, and stocked my pantry much to my own satisfaction. I may mention here, too, that on consulting Charlie about making sham wines, he laughed till he was tired.

'If you are partial to such poison, make it for yourself, my darling,' he said; 'but I implore of you not to be decoying people into drinking shams. I should not like to see them on my table. If strangers, it is no reason they are to be taken in, as the Scripture says.

Give them beer, or Guinness' XX; and call them beer and porter.'

So my faith in Mrs. Warren was almost dead. At last there came a grand crisis.

I went one morning to the papier maché desk, and found all the envelopes were gone. My state of mind may be imagined, but not described. I ran my hand round the empty desk; I tried to think it real, and found it hard; and having succeeded in making it real to myself, tried then to think it was some horrid dream, from which I would awake and find my weekly envelope in my hand.

How many a Monday had I fretted because I had only the contents of the envelope to spend during the coming week, and gone pensively along the banks of the canal, or meditated in the squares on the awful amount of food three people could consume, as it appeared to me!

How often I thought that those envelopes had taken all the pleasure out of my life; and now, if I could only see one—only one envelope, to stave off what I called 'utter ruin' for one week more!

Utter ruin is, I suppose, a thing of comparison; but I would not wish my worst enemy, whoever he or she may be, more miserable feelings than at that moment I possessed. I opened my purse, looked into every compartment—not as much as a postage-stamp; and that reminded me I had a note to answer, which answer must be sent by the afternoon post. Then I thought of Mrs. Warren again, and not without some bitterness. It may have been my own fault; but had I not followed her closely, and kept my house on 200*l.* a year? It is true she forgot to leave any margin for dishonest servants, or charity, or postage, or cab-hire, or a newspaper, or tobacco, or preserves, or hospitality, or money invariably lost in executing commissions for country friends—but still, I had known these were incidental expenses. I was not a fool, like Milly, yet I had come to ruin; and again I said it aloud, utter ruin.

I closed the lid of the desk—how pretty it was, with inlaid birds and

flowers on the lid!—and laid my head down on the tail of the largest bird of paradise, and did as most women would have done under that or similar circumstances—I cried heartily.

Cried, for I know not how long,—till a voice startled me, close to my ear:

'Hallo, Lotty! what is wrong? Have you and Charlie been squabbling?'

'Oh, no, papa!' I said, getting up. 'It is not Charlie's fault; it is all my own, and he knows nothing about it; and I do not know what to do. I have not a postage-stamp; and it is Mrs. Warren, papa, has brought us to ruin!—utter ruin!'

And I cried louder than ever.

'It is Mrs. Warren and a postage-stamp has brought you to utter ruin? and yet it is your own fault? I declare, Lotty, you are talking riddles. My dear child, explain yourself.'

I did, as well as I could, and showed him my ledger and the empty desk, and Mrs. Warren and my empty purse; and he listened attentively to my story. Then he put Mrs. Warren into the desk, and, shutting it, laid his arms on it, and undertook the task of soothing me.

'It is a grand ledger, Lotty, my dear, but it is not kept exactly on business principles. Don't you ever think of balancing it? No matter, however; the utter ruin, as you call it, is no more than we all expected. Neither you nor Charlie is descended in a direct line from Solomon, and you must begin again. But what did your husband mean by pinning you to Mrs. Anybody's book? You must learn for yourself.'

I explained it was not Charlie had pinned me, but my own anxiety to be a capital manager; and my father ended by laughing heartily at me and my puddings.

'If you wiped out the bread-pan every day, child, I do not see how it was you failed. Everything depends on first principles. But what I came for was to say that we have taken the house at Bray that your mother wished for, for two months,

and that you and Charlie are expected to come down and stay with us. He can come up every morning, if he cannot get holidays, and you must forget all your troubles in the fresh sea air. When you come back again, you must try and manage without Mrs. What's-her-name, and do better. Tell your husband I shall expect you both; I had hoped to catch him before he went out.'

That evening I told Charlie all about it, and made him look over my huge account-book; but as he had not the slightest knowledge of housekeeping, it made him no wiser, only he gave me credit for having had good intentions, though it must be confessed I had failed to carry them out. I also insisted he should read Mrs. Warren right through, which he did, somewhat at the pace I had first read it at myself.

'Well?' I said, when he had finished.

'By Jove, Lotty,' he said, 'it ends well! Why, all the men died of softening of the brain; and I am not at all surprised, considering the light supper dishes and the amazing French dinners she fed them on. I am sure I hope, as far as I am concerned, you will never succeed in following out that woman's schemes. Good gracious! it is no wonder they died!'

Charlie's discovery delighted me. The death of Charlie would indeed be utter ruin—something to fret over; and if that was to be the end of all Milly's pinching, I could see no fun in it.

We go to-morrow to Bray; and I look forward, with a keen delight, that no young unmarried lady can imagine, to eating sixty-one dinners ordered and paid for by another person. And I hope, during the next two months, to acquire a little more knowledge of domestic matters; and who knows but, when we return again to town, I may have learned, really—

'How to manage my house on 200*l.* a year.'

(Signed) *LOTTY.*

## IN THE BUSH WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.

THE doctors told me that I must die if I remained in England, so I considered that sufficient reason for wishing to go abroad. A sea voyage, I was told, would be necessary, so I fixed on Australia as a country I should take some time to reach by sea; so I went thither.

After a tedious voyage, we reached Adelaide, and as I had a friend there, I at once went to him. The voyage had almost entirely restored my health; and as I did not wish to remain idle, I determined to seek employment of some kind. I was recommended to try for a place in the mounted police corps, as it was a capital thing for excitement and adventure. I procured the necessary references, and presented myself to the inspector of the corps. Being of the regulation height, and having undergone the necessary medical examination, I was admitted in due form to the corps of rangers, or mounted police.

But a difficulty arose; I was innocent of the art of riding, an art which, in the bush, is of chief importance: I don't mean elegant riding, but the art of sticking in the saddle under any circumstances. So I had to learn this accomplishment; and during my probation I was put on duty at Adelaide as a foot policeman. I, a gentleman of liberal education, a 'Peeler!' That is nothing out of the way though; nearly all the members of the corps of rangers are men of classical education and good birth, who can quote their Homer or Virgil as well as they can shoot a kangaroo, or kick a black. Therefore I found myself in very good society. I took three months before I was pronounced a rider, the lessons were no joke. To begin with—bush horses are not the most tractable animals; and my first lessons consisted in trying to ride round the school at full pelt, without a saddle, a heavy cavalry sword in the right hand, and the reins in the left, with a stalwart captain cursing and swearing at my stupidity.

The teachers are most severe and

reckless: on one occasion, two troops of horsemen were to ride against each other, and turn suddenly; the teacher's orders were, 'ride like devils, and never mind a few broken bones—the hospital is handy!' The men rode at each other full tilt, and two unhappy wretches not being quick enough, were thrown in the collision and trampled on, an arm of one, and the leg of the other being broken. However, I was lucky to escape any severe hurt, and soon became an expert rider.

The horses of the bush are a native breed, and have a curious vice which the troopers call 'bucking.' The horse suddenly stops, and raises his back in the centre, invariably throwing the rider, however skilful. Horseflesh is very cheap; a fine animal will not sell for more than thirty pounds, while young horses sell for one pound a leg.

A trooper's horse is his best friend: for very frequently in camping out, the horse will be the only companion of the man. It is astonishing how attached the bush horses grow to their masters, and how fond the latter are of them. A trooper will often rise once or twice during the night to make sure that his horse has not got his legs twisted in the tether. The horses themselves are incredibly strong, but sometimes after a long journey they will suddenly drop down and die: this happened to my own horse. We had been a terrific journey, when on a sudden I was pitched off, and the animal sank down and died. I fell on my head, and my comrades thought I had been killed, for the shock seemed to have knocked all the breath out of my body.

My bush life soon commenced in earnest. A notorious sheep-stealer, a black, had been committing depredations again, and I, with a comrade, was despatched to find him. Looking for a black in the bush is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Englishmen alone would never succeed in finding a runaway native; the services of another black are pressed, and he acts as pioneer to

the police, who do the part of actually capturing the thief, which the native alone would be unable to do. The services of one particular native are generally retained; he is a part of the police, in fact. The natives well know that if he is on their track they have no hope of escape. The natives always know the footprints or tracks of each other: they know each other as well by the footmark as we English do each other by the countenance; therefore it can be seen what an invaluable aid this kind of black detective is. Sheep-stealers always leave tracks, so they may always be found.

On the occasion of my first camping out, we had several hundred miles of stiff country to traverse. The low brushwood of timber which abounds in Australia makes travelling across country no light work. We took two or three black servants with us to make our fires, &c. It was a splendid journey, as regards the scenery, but there are always plenty of drawbacks in the bush. The poisonous snakes, which are very numerous all over the country, are the great terror of all travellers; their bite is almost instantly fatal. The natives, with all their bushcraft, know no cure; prevention, therefore, is all the traveller can do. Leather boots of the strongest description are worn, which reach up as far as the hips; no snake's bite can penetrate these. The snakes, too, are far more frightened of men than is generally imagined, nor will they attack a man unless first provoked.

Camping out at night, then, saving the snakes, was glorious work. The sky of Australia is blue all the year round, and at night the sight of the wonderful expanse of blue studded with stars, is one never to be forgotten. A fire is kept up all night long, to scare away animals; there are no animals of prey to be in fear of, however.

On a winter's night this camping in the bush is not quite so pleasant, the cold is so intense. The rangers usually prefer, in the winter, to push on to some sheep farmer's, where there is always a roaring fire, and genuine hospitality to greet them.

When the place is approached where the thief is supposed to be, the black detective is sent out to see if he is really there. The blacks live in small encampments, each family having a mud hut, so each hut has to be searched. When the thief is found, the detective whistles, and the troopers rush into the encampment and seize him. This is no easy matter. A black is as slippery as an eel; the only way to be sure of him is to take him by the hair of his head; from any other grasp he will wriggle away like 'greased lightning through a gooseberry bush.'

The punishment for thieves is usually flogging, performed by a stalwart ranger. It takes a great deal to really hurt a black, he is so tough. I have seen a black knocked down twelve times in succession and thoroughly kicked as well, without his seeming in the least degree disconcerted.

The whites are compelled to be very severe with the natives, for being surrounded by immense numbers of them, if they were once to find that the white man was in the least afraid of them, the result would be far from pleasant. Therefore the white, on all occasions, maintains his supremacy. When the natives do rise against the whites, the result is very dreadful. While I was at Adelaide, a ranger met his death at the hands of a black. The ranger had been sent to arrest the man, but met with a different reception from that which he had expected, for the black rushed at him with an axe, and clove his skull with one blow.

As a race, the blacks are fast dying out; of several tribes, which, so short a time ago as ten years, were well known, not a single individual remains. As civilization increases, and cities spring up, the blacks are driven further up country, where they have more difficulty in obtaining subsistence; they die, if kept long in a city. There is at Adelaide, at the present time, a venerable black, who is about ninety years old, a great age for one of his race, and who is the last representative of his tribe. The natives are not particularly prepossessing in appearance as

a rule, but there are some very good-looking men amongst them: they all, however, have remarkably good teeth. They are very cunning and crafty, and will betray their dearest friends without any compunction. They have a great passion for intoxicating drinks, though it is punishable by law to give them any drink of a spirituous nature. Polygamy is common with them. They seem to show very small signs of intellect except in the way they hunt, and procure their food. One of their methods is very ingenious. A small animal, very common in Australia, is the wallaby, a sort of cony. This creature is so active, that to watch it would seem almost an impossibility. The natives tie some feathers plucked from an eagle to the end of a long lithe piece of cane. They approach where the wallaby usually may be found, and wave the cane and feathers about in the air. The wallaby, seeing the shadow, and trembling for his life, is so alarmed that the huntsmen easily spear him. In this way they will take nearly as many animals in a day as we shoot pheasants in a battue.

The black, like the dog, travels by scent, if he cannot see a track, and it must be very indistinct to baffle his perception. He will discover by scent whether a comrade has been in the same place before him. It is this quality that makes him so valuable to the Australian police. I may safely say that without the aid of the black detectives, very little would ever have been done in the way of detection. As a rule, the black confines his misdoing to stealing, chiefly cattle: murder by him is rare; even among themselves the natives do not often commit this crime. It used formerly to be the custom to hang the culprits for every crime, but that is now abolished. Many years ago, men travelling up country used to provide themselves with what was a kind of 'licence to shoot blacks,' and 'killing was no murder.' The sport-loving traveller would frequently indulge in what we should call a decidedly sensational pastime, which he called 'blackbird shooting.' But this sort of thing is all of the past now.

The life of a trooper in this part of Australia is extremely dull and unvarying. After a few months he has read all the books within a few hundred miles; found out that the tobacco is vile, and the spirits very questionable; and that his comrades—very good fellows in their way—are very dull and uninteresting. He has ceased to be interested in the country, and begins to consider his duties a bore, and the blacks a set of priggish, lazy rascals. He is not so delighted with bush life as he was at first, for he has lost himself once or twice, and discovered that there are such things as snakes to disturb one's peace of mind. At this stage he usually becomes disgusted with his monotonous life, and leaves the force to take to sheep-farming. Now this last employment is very profitable, while the highest wages of a trooper do not exceed ten pounds a month. The chief qualification for a sheep-farmer seems to be that he can lie on his back and smoke a pipe, swear a little, and drink a great deal. The farmer or owner usually employs an overseer at a high salary, who entirely manages the stock, and secures the returns. On this man the whole business devolves, and this is by no means light. Each season of the year has its separate duties: there is the lambing in the spring-time, and it is no easy matter to attend to the wants of fifteen or twenty thousand sheep, which is about the usual number of stock. The shearing is also an important business, and takes a great many weeks of hard work. One efficient shearer will shear as many as a hundred and sixty sheep in twelve hours. The shearers are generally strong Irish or Welsh men. Nothing seems so profitable in Australia as sheep-farming: besides numbers of private individuals, there are now several companies. These sell shares in a sheep run at the rate of 200*l.* each, and the profits triple themselves in two years, so that any one with the necessary money may soon make a fortune; and the investment is perfectly safe, as the returns are independent of all risks and contingencies, by which the private farmer is often a loser. The farmers.



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Drawn by C. Green.]

THE PAINTER AND HIS LADY.

[See the Poem.]

themselves are generally a lazy set of men, who prefer smoking a pipe and reading novels (which are sent out by the thousand) to tramping or riding a number of miles on a frosty morning to look after the stock.

The government sells land and sheep together, at a pound a sheep, therefore a 15,000-*run* means a tract of country and fifteen thousand sheep.

I often stayed with many of these farmers, and very hospitable I always found them. With one, especially, near my station, I became very familiar, and used frequently to go out hunting with him.

Kangaroos are the animals which are hunted (after the manner of foxes) in Australia. We had a kangaroo club at our station. The hunt is very exciting; the kangaroos clear an immense distance at one leap, so that the hunter soon has

work to keep up with it. On one occasion my former friend and I were hunting wild cattle, and a wild ox charged and tossed my friend, who descended from his back off. I thought he was killed and finding him motionless and white I began to be alarmed. A woman in the bush is a rare thing; you may have expected to find one closer at hand than some three or four hundred miles. Therefore, in time, the stranger becomes his own doctor, and gets a knowledge of home-remedies, &c. In the present case I had to carry the wounded man to a sheep-farmer, who had some reputation as a surgeon, and who soon set matters right. But the feeling of having almost lost him with a wound so wonderful it is made in your stomach. It is enough to give a man, perhaps, hope of being better than doctors at a distance of one thousand miles of Australia.

— G. A. J.

## THE PAINTER AND HIS LADY.

MY lady sits by the window,

Her hand on her cheek and head;

Her tresses are loose, and her hair is unbound,  
And her eyes are turned to the westward.

The sun plays bright on her bosom,

Her bosom of golden brown,

With a ripple like that which is in the sea

As e'en when the day goes down.

There's love in each line and feature,

From the soft white brow of snow

To the sweet small mouth with its parted lips,

And the dimpled chin below.

With eyes half closed and dreamy,

She sits with an indolent grace,

In her purple robe of many hues

With dockings of dusky lace.

One soft hand, fair and jewelled,

Crosses the leg on her knee,

While the other is keeping her golden comb

As though unconsciously.

The curtains of crimson satin

With rose-tints flush her cheek—

How I love her! how I love her!

And yet I dare not speak.



Wm. J. G. Smith

THE PAINTER AND HIS WIFE

Wm. J. G. Smith

themselves are generally a lazy set of men, who prefer smoking a pipe and reading novels (which are sent out by the thousand) to tramping or riding a number of miles on a frosty morning to look after the stock.

The government sells land and sheep together, at a pound a sheep, therefore a 15,000*l.* run means a tract of country and fifteen thousand sheep.

I often stayed with many of these farmers, and very hospitable I always found them. With one, especially, near my station, I became very familiar, and used frequently to go out hunting with him.

Kangaroos are the animals which are hunted (after the manner of foxes) in Australia. We had a kangaroo club at our station. The hunt is very exciting: the kangaroo clears an immense distance at one leap, so that the horses have hard

work to keep up with it. On one occasion my farmer friend and I were hunting wild cattle, and a wild ox charged and tossed my friend, who descended some few feet off. I thought he was killed, and finding him motionless and white, I began to be alarmed. A doctor in Australia is a rare being; you may never expect to find one closer at hand than some three or four hundred miles. Therefore, in time, the bushman becomes his own doctor, and gets a knowledge of bone-setting, &c. In the present case I had to carry the wounded man to a sheep-farmer, who had some reputation as a surgeon, and who soon set matters right. But the feeling of being alone in the bush with a dead or wounded comrade is very strange. In another paper I may, perhaps, hope to bring before the reader an account of the bushrangers of Australia.

G. G. J.

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### THE PAINTER AND HIS LADY.

MY lady sits by the window,  
My lady is fair and sweet,  
Sits lounging back in her velvet chair,  
And tapping her little feet.

The sun plays bright on her tresses,  
Her tresses of golden brown,  
With a ripple like that which is in the sea  
At eve when the sun goes down.

There's love in each line and feature,  
From the soft white brow of snow  
To the sweet small mouth with its parted lips,  
And the dimpled chin below.

With eyes half closed and dreamy,  
She sits with an indolent grace,  
In her purple robe of many hues  
With deckings of dusky lace;

One soft hand, fair and jewelled,  
Caresses the dog on her knee,  
While the other is twisting her golden chain  
As though unconsciously.

The curtains of crimson satin  
With rose-tints flush her cheek—  
How I love her! how I love her!  
And yet I dare not speak:

*The Painter and his Lady.*

For she is a high-born lady—  
A lady of titled name,  
And I an artist who toil for bread  
Till I can toil for fame.

So, day after day, I see her  
In all her queenly grace,  
And try to make with my simple brush  
A transcript of that face.

'Tis a dainty room we sit in,  
With mirrors, and cornice of gold,  
And trinkets of silver, and ruby glass,  
And knickknacks manifold;

There's gilding and velvet and satin;  
But what is it all to me?  
I sit in a dream! I paint in a dream—  
I could paint *her* from memory.

Does she think of me ever, I wonder,  
At times in the weary day?  
Ah, no! it is only weary to me!  
I would I could keep away!

It is not good to be weaving  
Such idle fancies as these;  
To foster a love that is hopeless and vain  
Until it becomes disease.

Maybe I shall laugh hereafter  
In thinking of these dim days:  
Maybe I shall never be free from the spell  
That lies in my lady's gaze.

'Tis sweet with an indolent sweetness,  
As the odour of incense. I try  
To arise and shake from me the languor,  
To escape from my bondage and fly.

Too late—or too early—I know not!  
For time yet may bring the cure.  
Meanwhile, I abide in enchantment—  
'Tis pleasant, and I can endure.

So sit I, painting my lady,  
So love I—. If she could see!  
I forget! I forget! It is madness!  
She never can think of me.

W. G.





## PRETTY WOMEN AND WITTY WOMEN OF THE TIME OF HORACE WALPOLE.

### Another Group.

**WHAT** a bevy of fair women the old showman has still to exhibit to us, before we shall have owned the penny fairly earned, and feel inclined to cry 'Hold, enough!'

'Ah! the matrons of those days were "frisky" enough in all conscience!' observed a lady to us the other day, when the above-mentioned 'pretty and witty women,' immortalized by the pen of Horace Walpole, came under discussion between us.

She was one of the class of 'young matrons,' upon whom an ungallant Saturday Reviewer has exercised his pungent satire; and as one of the prettiest and perhaps the friskiest amongst them, she naturally resented his unchivalric strictures upon the proper boundaries of matronly decorum.

'But then,' she added, with a dash of bitterness, in the most dulcet tones in the world, 'we have no Horace Walpole to hand us down in glowing colours to posterity, or to prattle pleasantly to our great-granddaughters, about the "kingdom of beauty" as it existed in his day. We have to sit and be lectured by one who tattles to us of "followers," and accuses us of playing "high jinks;" I appeal to you, sir, as to what that refined recreation might be? and also, as to whether the description of it comes well from the lips of a mentor who accuses us of slang? Horace Walpole, better than most men, understood the structure and the requirements of society,—he knew, that it cannot be built without corner-stones, and that the Utopia in which young-ladyism would (according to our Saturday Reviewer) reign supreme, would be a "Paradise of Fools." Why has French society ever been the most brilliant in the world? Why but because married women—young, beautiful, witty married women, there assume the position that of right belongs to them, and lead society

in a silken chain. Young ladies, single, as well as married, have liberty enough, one would imagine, in these days, to satisfy the mind of the most sanguine republican; and our critic forgets that with the raw recruits of "fast young ladies," the ranks of the "frisky matrons" are filled up. "High jinks," indeed!

The last words were accompanied by the slightest upward elevation of the most delicately chiselled nose in the world,—a nose, to which the gallant old bachelor would, had he seen it, have vowed everlasting allegiance.

'His love—his duty—his jealousy'—would have been all and each at the service of a countess, as lovely as that one with whom all those who linger over his attractive pages are already so familiar: the lovely, arch, fascinating Lady Coventry, whose short but brilliant career is brought so graphically before us, that we follow it in our mind's eye, step by step, until we feel as though we had lost a living thing, when the exit of the fairest performer on the mimic stage is announced thus:—'The charming countess is dead at last.'

He writes to Sir Horace Mann, from Arlington Street, October the 5th, 1760; and that 'at last' is full of melancholy interest to us, who have had glimpses of her, here and there,—bright, beautiful, dying, the first and most admirable figure in those brilliant circles, which she was so well fitted by nature to adorn.

At the trial of that ill-favoured Lord Ferrers, the only redeeming incident in whose life was the courage of his departure from it, we read that, 'to the amazement of everybody, Lady Coventry was there; and looking as well as ever.' 'I sat next but one to her,' says Mr. Walpole, 'and should not have asked if she had been ill: yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and Lord Bolingbroke

had other thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes.

Fair, frisky matron, she! flirting, on the very margin of her grave.

Her early death was in a great measure to be attributed to the inveterate use of white paint; a practice to which the beauties of that day were much, and as in this case sometimes fatally addicted.

So much has been written in a former number of 'London Society,' with regard to this beautiful woman, that it would be mere repetition on our part to relate the leading incidents in her short life, (she was but six-and-twenty when she died), with which Horace Walpole, and other gossiping authorities of the day, have made us acquainted. She was wild, arch, espègle, rather than witty; and her beauty, and that of her sister Gunning (the Duchess of Hamilton by her first marriage, Argyle, by the second), was the wonder of an admiring world.

The features of this last were, we are told, never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's; and at one time it was believed that the fatal seal of consumption was set upon her, and she is spoken of as a 'wreck and a remain.' This was about the time of Lady Coventry's death, who was the elder of the two celebrated sisters, consequently the Duchess of Hamilton could have been but five-and-twenty at the time. It is possible that she also might have indulged in the fatal habit so fashionable then, and that, warned by the fate of her sister, she desisted from the practice, for we find her mentioned long afterwards as in full possession of her former beauty.

There can be no doubt but that the success and celebrity of these two remarkable women was owing, in part, to the gallantry of a beauty-worshipping age, and to the more condensed state of society (London society, I mean) as it existed in those days.

It was but a pocket edition of the London society of our own. They had one set where we have ten; and the sayings and doings, and personal characteristics of the magnates in that set, were commented on and recorded with a minute

fidelity of description, which makes those who are but outsiders feel more at home with the wits and beauties of a day gone by, than with the wits and beauties who live, and breathe, and revolve in their respective orbits in our own. What was formerly a lake is now the open sea, stretching far away to the faint horizon, and in which individuality and identity are completely lost. The great reigning beauties who dazzled their respective adherents in town, this season, were not the toasts, neither were their sayings and doings (however witty or however remarkable) the admiration and wonder of the age. Unmolested, now, might the two fair Gunnings in the flesh, parade every part of London, without being followed by a gaping crowd. The 'two Irish girls of no fortune,' but who were declared to be 'the handsomest women alive,' would not now we fear turn the heads of fashionable crowds, or distract the attention of politicians on the eve of a ministerial crisis. But in Horace Walpole's time, when these two sisters walked in the Park, or went to Vauxhall, such mobs followed them that they had generally 'to be driven away,' and Lady Coventry once asked and obtained from the king a guard of honour to escort her in safety through the thronging crowds of the 'great unwashed,' who congregated to gaze upon her when she 'took her walks abroad.'

Whether or no this royal escort was likely to detract from the 'sensation' attending them, or whether it was the wish of the fair Countess herself that it should do so, is a point that we leave to the penetration of our fairer readers to determine. Gallantry forbids us to pry too closely into the hidden motives of the beautiful creatures with whose gem-like radiance we wish to enliven our pages.

It was a wild wedding, that of the younger and, according to Walpole, least handsome of the two sisters, with the extravagant, dissipated Duke of Hamilton, 'equally damaged in his fortune and person,' who fell in love with her at a masquerade, and 'determined to marry her in

the spring.'—Becoming, however, more desperately enamoured than ever, after an evening spent in the society of the sisters and their mother, at Bedford House, he would wait for neither license nor ring; but after, with some difficulty, satisfying the scruples of the parson called upon to celebrate the extempore ceremony, they were married with the ring of a bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night at Mayfair Chapel.

'The women,' of course, 'were furious;' more especially so, as Lord Coventry, a 'grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed,' declared that he would follow the example of his brother peer, and marry the other at once.

He could scarcely, indeed, hesitate on the score of a *mésalliance*, in following in the steps of one who is described as being in his own person 'the abstract of Scotch pride.' He and his newly-married duchess, 'at their own house, walked into dinner before their company, sat together at the upper end of their own table, ate off the same plate, and drank to nobody under the rank of earl.'

If the daughters who, like the two Miss Gunnings, had made their début that year in the fashionable circles of London, hated the beauties themselves, what vials of dowager wrath we can imagine to have been upturned upon the devoted head of the fortunate Mrs. Gunning, the successful, speculating mother of those days! Two beautiful hoyden daughters, in the zenith of their first season, about to be allied in marriage to two of the noblest houses that England and Scotland could boast!—the seal of the most brilliant success thus being set upon their scarcely ripened charms.

It was what the fast maiden of our own day, in language more expressive than elegant, would call an 'awfully lucky coup,' and one which the modern Belgravian mother, with many more advantages to boast, might well be proud to achieve.

The Duke of Hamilton dying in 1758, six years after the strange

nuptial ceremony in Mayfair Chapel, his widow soon consoled herself for his loss. In the following year, Mr. Walpole tells us that Jack Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle) and the Duchess of Hamilton had exchanged hearts; and he goes on to say, 'It is the prettiest match in the world, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry.' What an extraordinary fate is attached to these two women! Who would have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them, for these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world prematurely, to make room for the rest of their adventures.'

Extraordinary, indeed, that before the death of the young countess, which melancholy event occurred so early in her married life, her younger sister, inferior to herself in beauty, and without, perhaps, the peculiar charm of manner which made every one her slave, had been twice a wife—the first time to an actual duke; the second, to a duke to-be.

If the reader is anxious to see an authentic likeness of this celebrated woman, and at the same time to enjoy a cool and pleasant lounge amongst the beauties of a bygone day, he might effect both purposes by visiting the Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures on loan at the South Kensington Museum. No. 1846 on the wall, there is a miniature-portrait of 'Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, and afterwards of Argyle. This lady and her sister,' we read in the catalogue—for which we paid the exorbitant sum of five shillings!—'were the beautiful Miss Gunnings of Horace Walpole.' But we sought in vain for a portrait of that equally famous sister, Maria, Countess of Coventry.

As Duchess of Hamilton still, although the wife of 'Jack Campbell,' not yet arrived at the proud title of Duke of Argyle, we find her playing her part at the coronation

and wedding of George III.; and that circumstance reminds us that we have a few words to say about the youthful bride, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. With regard to that since depreciated lady, who came singing and playing across the Channel to meet her bridegroom—handsome, gallant, and young—it is but right to mention that she was considered both ‘pretty and witty’ then.

There are two words, somewhat irreverently made use of when describing a royal and illustrious lady, which will perhaps suggest themselves to the reader’s imagination when the shade of the good old Queen Charlotte floats before his mind’s eye.—‘Snuffy and plain.’—‘plain and snuffy.’ sometimes the sentence runs this way, sometimes that; but in any case it is an irreverent, and as we hope to prove, an unjust sentence upon the little princess, who came chirping so blithely from her dingy German home, to take her place amongst us as the first lady in the land.

Ladies who have been younger, and now are—what shall we say?—*older*,—not *old*, of course; ladies are never old in ‘London Society’—hear what was once said about the young bride who became afterwards so ‘snuffy and plain,’ such a homely little German ‘Frau.’

‘Pretty and witty’ carried the day then; for, above the thunder of the welcome which England gave to the royal bride, Horace Walpole heard ‘nothing but proclamations of her beauty;’ an opinion which he confirms after his introduction on the same day at St. James’s, adding to the remark, ‘She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel.’

This last word sounds strangely in our ears, when issuing from a patrician pen. Even the ‘Times,’ which (ignoring the wrath of the Saturday Reviewer) still insists upon the birth of ‘a prince,’ never sank so deep in the ‘Jeames’ phraseology as to describe our princess, in all her graceful loveliness, as ‘remarkably genteel.’

But it has been the abuse of the word, not the use of it, which has

made it revolting to our ideas of refinement. It has been made to stand for some of the great shams which have been held up to everlasting ridicule in Thackeray’s Snob-Papers, and as the outward sign of superficial refinement only we have rejected it from our vocabulary with contempt.

The description of the arrival of the Princess Charlotte is not uninteresting now, with the welcome of our own fair bride to our shores still fresh in our recollections. We seem to hear again ‘the noise of the coaches, chaises, horsemen and mob,’ that assembled to see her pass through the town, with clamour ‘so prodigious,’ that, like the bachelor of Strawberry Hill, on the occasion of the arrival of ‘Madame Charlotte,’ we could ‘hardly distinguish the guns.’

It was too dark for the weary spectators to notice whether the Princess Alexandra turned pale, when the royal towers of Windsor loomed grandly on her expectant gaze; but as it was also too dark for her to distinguish them, the probabilities are that she did not. But then her bridegroom was at her side, the prince of her romance, as in a fairy tale. In the other case, the unknown wooer was a stranger, and a king; and we read that, as the bride elect caught the first glimpse of his palace, that ‘she trembled and turned pale.’

The Duchess of Hamilton smiled at her distress; upon which the Princess naively remarked, ‘My dear duchess, you may laugh—you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me.’

When the king had grown old, and roamed about his palace—feeble, blind, mad,—did the good wife, the homely German Frau, ever call to mind the halcyon days of her youth, or think that it might have been the forecast shadow of time, which made her tremble and turn pale then?

She was nervous when her bridesmaids, and future court, were presented to her, and exclaimed aloud, ‘Mon Dieu! il y en a tant! il y en a tant!’

The bridesmaids, who were par-

ticularly distinguished for their beauty of figure and face, were Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Sarah Lenox, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel. Of Lady Sarah, Walpole says, that 'she was by far the chief angel;' and as she was once supposed to have entertained hopes of engaging the royal affections herself, it was particularly amiable in her to look angelic on that occasion. The Duchess of Hamilton was radiant that day, and 'almost in possession of her former beauty.' The absence of three of the celebrated beauties, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Kildare, and Mrs. Fitzroy, was calculated, according to Mr. Walpole, to reassure the new queen upon the subject of her own charms, which, without being particularly striking, could, in his opinion, hold their own with most of the women whom she saw assembled around her on that eventful occasion.

Surely this praise is not to be despised when coming from the cynical Horace, who was not apt to exaggerate, excepting where his prejudices or passions had been keenly excited, which could not have been the case, either for or against, in the case of the German princess.

He gives a detailed account of the coronation of their majesties, which is quaintly described as being 'as awful a pageant as could be.' The description of the most notable personages amongst the assembled peeresses, I will quote verbatim from the page before me.

'My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance. Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty. The Duchess of Richmond, as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her. Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party: Lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though

her locks milk white; Lady Albe-  
marle very "*gentle*;" nay, the  
middle ages had some good repre-  
sentatives in Lady Holderness, Lady  
Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the  
prettiest little figure of all. My Lady  
Suffolk ordered her robes, and *I*  
*dressed her head.*'

Well done, Horace! the latter  
clause is delightful; especially as in  
a passage before he had declared  
himself quite indifferent to the ex-  
citement of the young people, his  
nieces, Waldegrave and Keppel, who  
had been discussing with great ani-  
mation the formation of the young  
queen's household, and speculating  
upon the claims and disappoint-  
ments of every Miss in the kingdom  
ambitious of the appointment of  
Maid of Honour. He owns that,  
after calling them strongly to task  
for the frivolous nature of this court  
gossip, the moment they were gone,  
he 'flew to Lady Suffolk,' and heard  
her talk, with great satisfaction, of the  
'late queen's coronation petticoat.'

He had the candour to acknow-  
ledge, what all old bachelors can-  
not be persuaded to do, when they  
compare things new and old, greatly  
to the disadvantage of the former,  
that the mould of his imagination  
had 'taken all its impressions,' and  
that 'it could receive no more.' Of  
the queen herself, he tells us that  
she was very musical and very gay  
—the shadows that time had in store  
for her had not yet begun to creep  
to the fore-front of her destiny;  
carrying the king to operas, to  
plays, and even to Ranelagh; giving  
private balls at court, at which,  
however, with the display of con-  
jugal devotion which characterised  
the whole of their after career, we  
read that 'the king danced the whole  
night with the queen.'

The musical talents of the royal  
bride must have been considerable,  
or her self-possession great, for on  
the evening of her arrival at St.  
James's, after having paled at the  
sight of her palace, and been op-  
pressed at the magnitude of her  
court, we find her, while they waited  
for supper, 'sitting down to the  
harpsichord, and singing and play-  
ing.' Brave little bride, to choose  
such a time, of all others, for trying

the effect of your accomplishments, when hungry, tired men and women were 'waiting for supper!'

We fling a laurel crown at your royal feet as you make your exit from the stage—that feat in itself was worthy of it; and we hope to have proved your claim to exemption from the two uncomplimentary adjectives so often attached to your illustrious name, 'snuffy and plain.'

Foremost amongst the 'witty women,' whose piquant sayings are embalmed in these inimitable letters, shines 'Dorothy, Lady Townshend,' the wife of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, but parted from him.

A very 'frisky matron,' indeed! as pungent and original in speech as the fair Duchess of Queensberry was eccentric and harebrained in act. She comes first upon the boards in a flash of satire, which plays about her figure with its lightning flare, and shows us the woman as she was—witty, handsome, a desperate flirt, and a bitter foe; woe to those who fell under the displeasure of Dorothy, Lady Townshend, or the lash of her unsparing tongue.

The portrait of her, which illustrates the first volume of the Letters, realizes the conception one would naturally have had of one whose name never appears in their pages but as the herald of some stinging shaft, or bitter repartee, aimed at some unlucky member of the brilliant society of which (notwithstanding her *friskiness*) she was a distinguished member.

With head erect and flashing eye, with oriental turban and loosely flowing robes, this *esprit fort* seems to defy criticism, and challenge the wits to a passage of arms.

The limner has caught successfully the fire of the eyes, which have no doubt in life often exercised the basilisk power attributed to such orbs by the poet, of 'looking a fellow-creature down;' but which now shine harmlessly upon scenes and objects which would once have lit in them the spark of the mocking spirit to which they owed their brilliance and their dangerous fascination.

The first time we find her mentioned is in a letter from Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, from Downing Street, in October, 1741:—'There is no news,' he says; 'not a soul in town. One talks of nothing but distempers like Sir Robert's. My Lady Townshend was reckoning up the other day the several things that have cured them: such a medicine so many; such a doctor so many—but of all the greatest number have found relief from the sudden deaths of their husbands.' To the same friend he writes again:—'My Lady Townshend made me laugh the other night about your old acquaintance Miss Edwin, who, by the way, is grown almost a Methodist. My lady says, that she was forced to have an issue made on one side of her head for her eyes, and that Kent advised her to have another on the other side for symmetry.' To explain this sharp saying of 'My lady's,' it will be necessary to mention the character and *métier* of William Kent, who, in his day, fell under the satire of Hogarth, for lowering himself in his profession (that of painter and architect) by drawing designs for ladies' birthday robes, which he decorated with the five orders of architecture. He was called by Walpole 'the father of modern gardening;' but the taste of the authority being in this case far from infallible, the praise loses much of its worth.

At another time, when a political crisis occupied the attention of the London world, when, with regard to the Treasury, 'most people wished for Mr. Pelham, few for Lord Carteret, and none for Lord Bath,' my Lady Townshend added to the misfortune of the latter the crowning sting of scorn, by the reply, full of gall, which she made to him on his complaining of a pain in his side—'Oh!' said she, 'that can't be, you have no side.'

As in the cases of other wits and satirists, however, her own wit provoked that of others, and the gallant bachelor of Strawberry himself enjoyed nothing more than a sly hit at the bitter viscountess who had so often 'made him laugh.'

He says of her once, when the



town was empty, 'So my Lady Townshend is obliged to lie of people.' And later, when she had been suffering from some severe distemper, 'My Lady Townshend has been dying, and took prayers; but she is recovered now, even of her repentance.'

It was a case of Greek versus Greek when Horace Walpole and Dorothy Townshend engaged in an encounter of wit. On her first visit to Strawberry Hill, when the gingerbread palace was in its embryo stage, we hear of her toiling up the stairs, panting at each stage, and exclaiming with each gasp two blasphemies to begin with, and then, 'What a house! it is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed.' And upon another occasion she said, that Strawberry Hill would be a pleasant place enough if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it, and make it so hot. Of the last-named lady a few words will not be out of place here, for she was a near neighbour and intimate friend of Horace Walpole's, who, indeed, filled the green lane which led to her house with botanical treasures from his own gardens, and then christened it 'Drury Lane,' to the infinite delight of the fascinating actress. She was immortalized by Churchill in the 'Rosciad,' who said of her—

'In spite of outward blemishes she shone;  
For humour famed, and humour all her own;  
Easy as if at home the stage she trod,  
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor feared his rod.  
Original in spirit, as in ease,  
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please;  
No comic actress ever yet could raise,  
On humours base, more credit or more praise.'

Of Mrs. Woffington, the celebrated beauty, whose fascinations few could withstand, Horace Walpole remarks, that 'she was a bad actress, but that she had life.' Of Mrs. Bracegirdle he relates the following anecdote: she had breakfasted with him, and as she went out and wanted her clogs, she turned to him and said, 'I remember at the playhouse, they used to call for Mrs. Oldfield's chair, Mrs. Barry's clogs, and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens.'

Time and space would fail me were I to mention the names even

of all the beautiful and witty women, of whom Walpole has related characteristic anecdotes. Grafton, Waldegrave, Keppel, Coke, Pembroke, Spencer, Beauclerc, among the beauties; Burney, More, Damer, Berry, Sevigné, amongst the talents and wits. It is impossible farther to separate the clusters, or to individualize each of these lovely or celebrated women, who formed the nucleus of a brilliant society in a day gone by.

To illustrate the fact that Walpole did not praise all women indiscriminately, or magnify their charms out of the redundant chivalry of his own nature, the following quotations will, we trust, sufficiently prove.

He mentions with a gusto, bitter as that which animated themselves, the conversation of two 'frightful gentlewomen,' Lady Abercorn and the Duchess of Devonshire, which turned upon 'hideous ugly women;' and his favourite butt in the letters which record the chit-chat of the town, is a certain Lady Pomfret, who seems to have won as unenviable a reputation for saying silly things, as another queen of that society, whose basis is money, has earned in our day by saying vulgar ones. We first meet with her at Florence (where Horace Walpole spent the summer of 1740) with her two daughters, Lady Sophia and Lady Charlotte Fermor. The first a beauty, and the second a wit. Of the latter he says, 'she is the cleverest girl in the world, and speaks the purest Tuscan like any Florentine.' Lady Pomfret, the countess mother, gave a conversation every week, to which all the world came and laughed at the pomposity and ignorance of their hospitable hostess. It was she who observed of Swift, that 'he would have written better if he had not written humorously;' and of whom the witty Lady Townshend once told Mr. Walpole the following 'admirable history':—'Somebody that belonged to the Prince of Wales said, they were going to court; it was objected that they ought to say to Carlton House, that the only court is where the king resides. Lady P—,

with her paltry air of significant learning and absurdity, said,

"Oh, Lord! is there no court in England but the king's? Sure, there are many more. There is the *Court of Chancery*, the *Court of Exchequer*, the *Court of King's Bench*, &c." Don't you love her?"

The triumph of this silly mamma over wiser, but not less aspiring matrons, in accomplishing a match between her beautiful daughter and Lord Carteret, is amusingly described in one of the most lively of 'the Letters,' also the airs of the newly-made bride, and the subsequent mortification of the mother-in-law, of whom the bridegroom elect had declared from the first that when he married her daughter, it was far from his intention to marry the mother and the whole family at the same time. That he kept his word we are duly informed, and it must have been a blow to the lady who had talked sillily, as she talked of everything, upon politics and management, and 'who had thought to govern her future son-in-law out of Froissart.'

Soon after Lady Carteret's marriage, we read of a great ball given by the Duchesse of Richmond, in honour of the bride. 'I have seen her once,' says Walpole, 'and found her just what I expected, très grande dame, full of herself, and yet not without an air of happiness. *The mother is not so exalted as I expected.* I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and has not married her too.'

Here is a sketch of an unamiable 'father-in-law,' to serve as a pendant to that of the ambitious mamma; and as the parent of the lordlier sex had more power, either for good or evil, in his hands than had the silly and harmless Lady Pomfret, we will hope for a less harsh judgment than usual with the public on the mortified fair.

Horace Walpole had several beautiful nieces, of whom his favourite undoubtedly was Maria, by her first marriage, Countess of Waldegrave, and by her second, Duchess of Gloucester. He touchingly describes her grief during the first hours of widowhood in these words: "I

found Lady Waldegrave at my mother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts me. Her fall is great—from that adoration and attention which he paid her; from that splendour and fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration which rebounded to her, from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions, perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would pass away before that fleeting thing—her beauty!"

That she more than regained these worldly advantages in her marriage with William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and that the sun of her beauty did not set for many long years after this sad picture was painted, we find attested in more ways than one.

In the collection of portrait miniatures before alluded to, we find one of her in square case No. 1, lent by Capt. Seymour Dawson Damer, and in which there are several most interesting portraits, including one of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, painted in a Turkish costume.

This, however, is a digression, as the picture which we promised the reader was that of an unamiable papa-in-law, and not in this instance one of a beautiful woman, in which latter article he will, perhaps, when this papa is finished, declare himself to have been indulged *ad nauseam*.

In vol. iv., page 93, we find this description of the marriage of his youngest niece, Charlotte, under the following circumstances:—

"I announce my Lady Huntingtower to you. I hope you will approve the match a little more than I suppose my Lord Dysart will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that at ten o'clock this morning his son espoused my niece Charlotte, at St. James's church. Now you want to know the details; there was none. It is not in the style of our court to have long negotiations; we don't fatigue the town, with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places.

Vidit—venit—vicit—the young lord has liked her for some time; on Saturday sennight, he came to my brother, and made the demand. The princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him when she did. She consented, so they were to be married this morning. In another account he tells us, that 'the young lord had been in love with Charlotte for some time, but thought so little of inflaming her, that yesterday fortnight she did not know him by sight. On that day he came and proposed himself to my brother, who, with much surprise, heard his story, but excused himself from giving an answer. He said he would never force the inclinations of his children; he did not believe his daughter had any engagement or attachment, but she might have,'—cautions and benevolent papa—'he would send for her and know her mind.' But if papa's benevolence is worthy to be held up as an example in this instance, the prudence of the young lady herself is a caution. 'She was at her sister Waldegrave's, to whom, on receiving the notification, she said very sensibly, 'If I was but nineteen, I would refuse point blank. I do not like to be married in a week to a man I never saw. But I am two-and-twenty; some people say I am handsome; some say I am not; I believe the truth is, I am likely to be at large, and to go off soon—it is dangerous to refuse so great a match.'

Pretty close reasoning this, for a damsel who, not knowing whether to believe that she is handsome, or the reverse, artfully adds her own clause (according to her uncle's insinuation) with regard to being 'married in a week.' She was not evidently inclined to let 'so great a match slip' through her pretty fingers, through any ill-timed show of reluctance on her own side. Lady Huntingtower she was determined to be—and that within a week, from the time of her wooing.

'Her future lord was not at that time rich in this world's goods, and was dependent upon his father, for his limited fortune. He wrote, it would appear, to that amiable individual, offering to present him with the eight thousand pounds he was to have with his bride, if in return the Earl (Dysart) would give them one thousand in present,' (a modern son would have said, 'down,') and settle a jointure on her. The Earl, we are told, returned 'this truly laconic,' for being so unnatural an answer:

'Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it. I wish you joy. I hear your wife is very accomplished.

'Yours, DYSART.'

The young Lady Huntingtower became Countess of Dysart in the course of time, and we are called upon in the later volumes to lament over her lingering illness and painful death.

Fleeting indeed is the beauty of which we acknowledge ourselves the devoted slaves; but fleeting, uncertain as it is, it is one of the powers that move the world, and as such is worthy of our attention and study.

'Beauty is nature's masterpiece,' has been well and justly observed; and in many instances we find it immortalized in the masterpieces of art. The student in this school can never complain of monotony or satiety, in any one particular style of countenance, form, or complexion. All are fair, but there is variety in every tone and in every feature; and in looking back, as we have called upon him to do, to the beauties of a bygone day, we find their identity preserved as intact, and their peculiar characteristics as carefully preserved, as though we had seen them with our own eyes, and been fortunate enough to hear from their own lips the brilliant sallies which kept the world alive, in the beauty-loving days of the bachelor of Strawberry Hill.

## TO GERTRUDE.

'TWAS eve; the sunset, lovely and serene,  
 Bathed all the fair cloud islands of the west  
 With such pure golden light, they well might seem  
 The radiant gardens of the bright and blest.

I stood alone upon that silent shore,  
 The wide Atlantic lay at rest before me;  
 But rest my troubled spirit knew no more,  
 Amidst the racking fears and doubts that tore me.

The waves' soft murmurs seem'd to whisper 'peace,'  
 Yet turned the sound to dirges in mine ear;  
 My whole soul panted for a swift release  
 From dread suspense—worst of all ills we fear.

Thy missive came; I read, and knew that Fate  
 Had bid me give sweet Hope a long farewell;  
 I would not—if I could—the rest relate:  
 The anguish of that hour what words could tell?

The sun sank fast behind the glowing main;  
 Through dim eyes watching all the glory fade,  
 I wished it never more might rise again,  
 To mock the darkness which thy hand had made.

But now all that is past; such thoughts belong  
 To weakness—and new strength has come to me  
 To work—to live for others—to be strong—  
 This have I learn'd from love, and grief, and thee.

T. R.

## THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

## CHAPTER XVI.

PATRICK COLQUHOUN AND DAVID DALE OF GLASGOW.



PATRICK COLQUHOUN.

THE history of Glasgow commerce begins with a William Elphinstone, contemporary with William Canning of Bristol. About the year 1420 he was famous for his shipments of pickled salmon and dried herrings to France and other parts of Europe, for which he received wine and brandy in exchange. The Bishop Elphinstone who founded the University of Aberdeen was his son, and the proceeds of the old merchant's trade are said to have greatly helped on the good work. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, while the University was being built, Archibald Lyon, youngest son of Lord Glamis, the Earl of Strathmore, settled in Glasgow, and lived with Archbishop Gavin Douglas in old Glasgow Castle. He married a Mistress Margaret Douglas, and became a merchant. 'He undertook great voyages and adventures in trading,' according to the old chronicler, 'to

Poland, France, and Holland. His endeavours were wonderfully blessed with success, so that he acquired considerable lands in and about the city of Glasgow. He built—in 1536, as it is supposed—a great lodging for himself and family upon the south side of the Gallowgate Street. Thereafter he built four closes of houses and forty-four shops, high and low, on the south side of the Gallowgate, and a part of the east side of the Saltmarket.' He lived to be ninety-five. He had a son named Archibald, whose son George was another famous merchant of Glasgow; and his three daughters were all wedded to merchants, ancestors of other merchants.

Old Archibald Lyon must be considered the father of Glasgow. 'No other nobleman's youngest son in Scotland,' says his first panegyrist, 'can boast of such an opulent offspring.' So important

had Glasgow commerce become during the lifetime of his grandchildren, and so much were they and their fellow-merchants or tradesmen given to quarrelling among themselves, and with the foreigners who now began to settle in the neighbourhood for purposes of commerce, that their relationship with one another, and their position in the town, had to be made subjects of legislation. 'At that time,' we are told, 'the traders of Glasgow were by far more numerous than the merchants, so as they claimed not only a great share and interest in the government of the city, but also the right of being equal sharers with the merchants in seafaring trade; to which the merchants were altogether averse, affirming that they were to hold every one to his trade, and not meddle with theirs. Upon which there arose horrible heats, strifes, and animosities betwixt them, which was like to end with shedding of blood; for the trades rose up against the merchants.' In fact, there were as great jealousies among the wholesale and the retail dealers of Glasgow, about the year 1600, as there had been in London a century earlier between the merchant adventurers and the members of the trading guilds who desired to share their commercial advantages. In this case the differences were settled by the establishment, in 1605, of a guildery, for regulating and maintaining the limits of trade and commerce, having at its head a dean, who was to be 'a merchant, a merchant sailor, and a merchant venturer.' He was to be assisted by a provost and bailies, a council and deacons, half of them being merchants, the other half craftsmen; and none but guild brothers were in future to be allowed to trade or traffic in Glasgow.

Many of these guild brothers, living in the seventeenth century, were famous men of business. One of them, William Simpson, in or near the year 1636, built two ships and traded to Flanders, Poland, France, and Dantzic. 'He built great houses in Glasgow, within the Trongate, with great orchards,' we

are told, 'and four large barns and great gardens at the back thereof.' Another and a greater was Walter Gibson, who began life as a brewer and malt-maker, and then proceeded to become a regular merchant. In 1668 he cured and packed 300 lasts of herrings, each containing twelve barrels, and worth 6*l.* of Scottish money, and shipped them to St. Martin's, in France, in a Dutch vessel of 450 tons burthen. For each barrel of herrings, it is recorded, he obtained a barrel of brandy and a crown. Some of the crowns were spent in buying salt; which, with the brandy, had so good a market in Glasgow, that out of the profits Gibson was able to purchase the Dutch ship and two other vessels, almost as large, with which he set to his fellow-citizens an example of extensive traffic to different parts of Europe.' Contemporary with him was a John Anderson, the first importer of French white wines into Glasgow. About this time, too, there was a William Wilson, who went from Flakefield to settle as a merchant in Glasgow, and there, as there were other Wilsons, to be known as William Flakefield. He had a son, William, whom he apprenticed to a weaver. But the lad, not quite liking the business, enlisted, near 1670, in the Cameronians, and afterwards joined the famous regiment of Scotch Guards in France. He lived some years abroad, until, having met with a blue and white check handkerchief, woven in Germany, a novelty in those days, it occurred to him that he would try and make others like it. Therefore, in 1700, he returned to Glasgow, and, improving upon his old apprenticeship, set about the work. 'A few spindles of yarn fit for his purpose,' says the old biographer, 'was all, at that time, that William Flakefield could collect, the which was but ill-bleached, and the blue not very dark. They were, however, the best that could be found in Glasgow. About two dozen of pocket handkerchiefs composed the first web. When the half was woven, he cut out the cloth and took it to the merchants. They were pleased



with the novelty of the blue and white stripes, and especially with the delicate texture of the cloth, which was *thin set* in comparison with the Hollands that they generally dealt in. 'The new adventurer asked no more for his web than the net price of the materials, and the ordinary wages for his work. All he asked was readily paid him, and he went home rejoicing that his attempts were not unsuccessful. This dozen of handkerchiefs, the first of the kind ever made in Britain, was disposed of in a few days.' Others were disposed of in abundance as quickly as they could be made. Merchants and weavers from all parts came to learn the trick, and many settled down in Glasgow to practise it with success. 'The number of looms daily increased, so that Glasgow became famous for that branch of the linen trade. The checks were followed by the blunks, or linen cloth for printing, and to these,' it was written in 1793, 'is now added the muslin trade.'

William Flakefield should have an honourable place in the commercial history of Glasgow; but he was forgotten even in his lifetime. He died poor and unknown, after earning a meagre subsistence as town drummer of his native place.

While Flakefield was laying the foundations of the manufacturing greatness of Glasgow, however, other enterprising men were doing as much for its strictly mercantile advancement. Hitherto its traders had gone only to continental towns; and having to make a long voyage round, either southwards or northwards, they found it hard to compete with the people of Edinburgh, Dundee, and other earlier haunts of commerce. A great change came with the establishment of the Union in 1707. Scotland was thereby made a sharer in the colonial wealth of England, and henceforth Glasgow, the capital of western Scotland, began to advance from the same causes, and with as much rapidity as Liverpool and Manchester. Its merchants at once began to follow the example of Liverpool and send vessels—at first

they were only hired vessels, Glasgow having no shipping of its own strong enough for crossing the Atlantic—to the American and West Indian ports. These vessels carried out clothing and hardware, and brought back tobacco. 'A supercargo went out with every vessel,' we are told, 'who bartered his goods for tobacco, until such time as he had either sold all his goods, or procured as much tobacco as was sufficient to load his vessel. He then returned immediately, and, if any of his goods remained unsold, he brought them home with him.'

Those were the rude beginnings of Glasgow's trade with America. In 1718 the first home-built ship went out for tobacco; and within a few years so many were on the seas, that great opposition was raised by the rival merchants of Bristol, Liverpool, and Whitehaven. In the year 1721, 'a most terrible confederacy was entered into by almost all the tobacco merchants in South Britain.' By them the Glasgow merchants were accused of all sorts of frauds, both upon their neighbours and upon the Exchequer, and accordingly a commission was sent down from the Treasury to make inquiries as to the alleged abuses. This commission reported 'that the complaints of the merchants of London, Liverpool, and Whitehaven were groundless, and that they proceeded from a spirit of envy, and not from a regard to the interest of trade or the king's revenue.' That decision was not at all to the liking of the southern traders. Therefore they made interest with the House of Commons, and procured a new body of commissioners, whose verdict, given in 1723, was against the people of Glasgow. Hence arose lawsuits and quarrels of all sorts without number, very prejudicial for a time to the welfare of the new centre of commerce. In 1723, the Glasgow merchants possessed three-and-twenty tobacco ships. In 1735, they had only twenty-four vessels of all classes, trading with America and the West Indies. But the hindrance was only temporary. In 1735 the entire shipping of Glas-

grow amounted to about 5,600 tons. By 1771 it had risen to nearly 60,000 tons.

The trade reports of the latter year are worth analysing. We find that the manufactures of Glasgow at this time comprised linens, calicoes, lawns, and cambrics; cotton and woollen goods in great quantities; leather; soap, hardware, and jewellery, with a net value in all of about 450,000*l*. The imports consisted of 46,055,139 lbs. of tobacco, and some 50,000 cubic feet of timber, besides skins and other miscellaneous articles from the North American ports of Boston and Falmouth in Philadelphia, Maryland in Virginia, and the North Carolina towns; 179,544 gallons of rum, 47,357 lbs. of sugar, and 59,434 lbs. of cotton from the West Indian islands of Antigua, Granada, Jamaica, Nevis, St. Kitts, St. Vincent, and Honduras; 39,922 bushels of salt, 32,000 gallons of wine, and 32,250 lemons, besides miscellaneous groceries from Italy, Portugal, and the south of Europe; and great quantities of flax linen articles from Germany, Poland, and Russia. Much greater quantities of linen came from Ireland; 731,118 yards from Dublin, 361,502 from Belfast, and 7,671 from other towns, making a total of 1,100,291 yards; to which must be added 4,022 barrels of salt beef, besides hams, butter, and other goods from several other Irish towns, with Cork at their head. In return for these commodities large supplies of ale, rum, carpets, haberdasheries, and tobacco were sent to Ireland. Linen and woollen goods, leather, hardware, and all sorts of English manufactures were despatched to North America and the West Indies; and tobacco was the staple export to the European countries, 20,774,843 lbs. being sent to France, 15,000,000 to Holland, 4,000,000 to Germany, 170,853 to Italy, 140,852 to Minorca, and smaller quantities to Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Russia.

Even then, however, Glasgow commerce, indeed, Scotch commerce altogether, was only in its infancy. 'In no country in Europe,' said a merchant of Glasgow, writing in

1777, 'is the character of a merchant, manufacturer, or trader so despicable as in Scotland. In England, over all the colonies, and, indeed, in almost every country in Europe, the oath of the merchant and the production of his books are held to be sufficient evidence of his accounts, where the particular circumstances attending the transactions are such that a stronger cannot be obtained. In North Britain no faith is given to either him or his books.' 'Up to the middle of the eighteenth century,' according to another student of Glasgow history, 'commercial concerns, whether for manufactures or for foreign trades, were in general carried on by what might be termed joint-stock companies of credit: six or eight responsible individuals having formed themselves into a company, advanced each into the concern a few hundred pounds, and borrowed on the personal bonds of the company whatever further capital was required for the undertaking. It was not till commercial capital, at a later period, had grown up in the country that individuals, or even companies trading extensively on their own capital, were to be found. The first adventure which went from Glasgow to Virginia, after the trade had been opened to the Scotch by the Union, was sent out under the sole charge of the captain of the vessel, acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when, on his return, he was asked by his employers for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give them none, but there were its proceeds; and threw down upon the table a large hoggar [stocking] stuffed to the top with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the company conceived that if an uneducated, untrained person had been so successful, their gains would have been still greater had a person versed in accounts been sent with it. Under this impression, they immediately despatched a second adventure, with a supercargo, highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts, who

produced to them a beautifully made-out statement of his transactions, but no hoggar. The Virginia trade continued for a considerable time to be carried on by companies formed as described. One of the partners acted as manager: the others did not interfere. The transactions consisted in purchasing goods for the shipments made twice a year, and making sales of the tobacco which they received in return. The goods were bought upon twelve months' credit; and when a shipment came to be paid off, the manager sent notice to the different furnishers to meet him on such a day, at such a wine-shop, with their accounts discharged. They then received the payment of their accounts, and along with it a glass of wine each, for which they paid. This curious mode of paying off these shipments was contrived with a view to furnish aid to some well-born young woman, whose parents had fallen into bad circumstances, whom it was customary to place in one of those shops in the same way that, at an after period, such a person would have been put into a milliner's shop. These wine-shops were opposite to the Tontine Exchange, and no business was transacted but in one of them.

The man who did more than any other to improve this state of things, and to make of Glasgow the greatest commercial city in the British empire, after London and Liverpool, was Patrick Colquhoun. Descended, through both his parents, from the old family of Colquhouns, he was born on the 14th of March, 1745, at Dumbarton. There his father, an old class-fellow of Smollett's, served as local judge and registrar of county records. But the boy seems to have been an orphan, and not very well off, before he was sixteen years old. Then, or thereabouts, he emigrated to Virginia, to reside in its eastern part, separated by Chesapeake Bay from the centre of the colony. There he occupied some sort of mercantile position, and twice each year, we are told, he crossed the water to trade with the people who came up to

the General Courts at Richmond. He himself was fond of listening to and joining in the legal talk. His chief friends in America were lawyers and law students, among whom he added much to the scanty education he had received at home, and developed a taste, strong and healthy all through life, for political economy and social science. But ill health brought him back to Scotland in 1766.

In 1767, when two-and-twenty years of age, he started as a merchant in Glasgow, there chiefly to reside for another term of two-and-twenty years. Of his own commercial dealings we hear very little. He was one of those patriotic merchants who, without neglecting their duties to themselves and their immediate dependents, make it their chief business to study the welfare of society at large. All good works came naturally to Colquhoun, but he devoted himself especially to the promotion of British commerce and the advancement of Glasgow among its great places of resort. In 1776, during the American war, he was one of fourteen principal contributors to a fund for raising a Glasgow regiment of troops. In 1779, and again in 1780, he came to London to hold conferences on trade with Lord North, then Premier, and to work through Parliament a bill of considerable importance to the commerce of Scotland; and in the latter year we find him chosen a local magistrate and a member of the City Council of Glasgow. In 1781 he started a scheme for building a Glasgow coffee-house to be developed into the Chamber of Commerce. He also procured the improvement of the Glasgow Exchange, and so led to the construction of the new and splendid building now in use. In 1781, moreover, he was chosen a commissioner from Glasgow to a convention of the royal burghs of Scotland, then sitting at Edinburgh; and next year he came to London, as agent of that convention, to obtain an Act of Parliament, placing the linen manufacturers of North Britain on a par with those of Ireland.

Near the end of 1782 the building

appointed for the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures of the city of Glasgow was completed and opened amid great rejoicings. Colquhoun was elected its first chairman, to continue in office till 1786; and it started with about three hundred members. It was designed for the consideration of all plans and 'proposals for protecting and improving every branch of domestic trade and manufacture, and the establishment of rules for the guidance and extension of all sorts of foreign trade. It was also designed to give help and advice to all individual traders, both in the immediate advancement of their callings and in furtherance of their dealings with the Government, with Parliament, or with foreign countries, and 'to procure relief or redress in every grievance, hardship, oppression, or inconvenience affecting any particular branch of trade or manufacture carried on by the members of the society.' In short, as it was stated in the charter of incorporation which Colquhoun came up to London to procure in the spring of 1785, it was intended 'to take cognizance of every matter and thing in the least degree connected with the interests of commerce, and to give stability and encouragement to the commerce and manufactures of the city of Glasgow and in the towns and villages in the neighbourhood.'

That most assuredly it did. No single event in the history of Glasgow was so advantageous to its mercantile interests as this founding of the Chamber of Commerce, due altogether, as it seems, to the forethought and perseverance of Patrick Colquhoun. At this time also he began to work with his pen. In 1783 he wrote some very sensible 'Observations on the Present State of the Linen and Cotton Manufactures.' In 1785 he published another work on 'The Interchange of British Manufactures with Ireland;' and in 1788, at Pitt's request, and for his guidance, he prepared a minute account of the state of the cotton trade in Great Britain. Many other books and pamphlets followed these, all giving proof of his devotion to trade and his enlightened appreciation of

its character and needs. This he showed in all sorts of other ways. Often he hurried up to London to hold interviews with the ministers, with members of Parliament, and with the great City merchants. Often he went on like errands to Manchester, Paisley, and other towns. During the later months of 1788 and the beginning of 1789 he was in Flanders and Brabant, oftenest in Ostende, at that time the great European depôt for East Indian goods, seeing how far British manufactures could be brought to compete with foreign goods. Thence he returned to London, and did his utmost for the organization of a new national machinery for the interchange of commodities with the continental towns, as well as among the great British marts. His efforts were very beneficial, though greatly crippled, we are told, by the jealousies of the great merchants of London, who were loth to have smaller people in any sort of partnership with them. To him, it seems, was chiefly due the introduction of British muslins on the Continent, soon to issue in the establishment of an immense and very profitable trade.

In other ways, through more than thirty years, Patrick Colquhoun did great service to the nation. But his work, henceforth, had not much to do with Glasgow. For some reason unexplained—probably because, as a merchant, he had already made money enough to enable him in future to devote himself, without hindrance, to employments wholly philanthropic and altogether to his taste—he abandoned the pursuit of commerce in November, 1789. That done, he quitted Glasgow and came, at the age of forty-four, to take up his residence in London. For one-and-thirty years he busied himself in all sorts of ways for the good of society, and especially for the advancement of commerce. He was commercial agent in London for several of the West Indian islands and some continental towns. He was also, during many years, an able police magistrate. He was a frequent adviser both of the ministers of the crown and of the great City

men on matters of trade and the trading interests. He also wrote many valuable books; the most important being a treatise on 'The Police of the Thames,' which led to the establishment of organized plans for preventing the serious depredations of river-thieves, and another on Political Economy, full of enlightened views and charitable doctrines. He died in 1820, at the age of seventy-five, much honoured by all the good people of London, and with so much fame induced by his philanthropic works among them that his share in the advancement of Glasgow and Glasgow commerce was almost forgotten.

But the good effects of his labours in that cause could not be forgotten. Leaving Glasgow in 1789, he left it in a very different condition from that in which he found it when he first made it his home in 1767. Glasgow was even then on the high road to prosperity, and must, in any case, have steadily grown rich and influential. But Patrick Colquhoun greatly helped it in so doing, by his own example of mercantile honour and enterprise and by his advocacy of the highest commercial interests both at home and abroad. To him must be traced many of the enlightened views that characterised the Glasgow merchants who joined with him in the formation of the Chamber of Commerce, and whom he left to carry on his principles when he retired to London. Of these merchants the most notable of all was David Dale, in many ways a pupil of Colquhoun's, though his senior by six years or more.

David Dale was born, on the 6th of January, 1739, at Stewarton, in Ayrshire, where his father, breaking through the custom of his ancestors who, through many generations, lived and died as simple farmers, had established himself as a grocer and general dealer. At first David, whose only schooling was acquired by himself in later years, was a sort of farmer's boy. Then he was apprenticed to a weaver at Paisley. Not liking his work, he ran away from it; but soon after we find him returning to the same kind of employment and serving as a weaver's

lad in Hamilton. Thence he went to Glasgow, to be advanced to a clerkship in a silkmercer's establishment; and prospering therein he was able, in 1763, to start in business on his own account. Renting a shop in High Street, five doors from the Cross, for which he paid 3*l.* a year, he sub-let half to a watchmaker for 50*s.*, and for twenty years confined himself to the other half, finding his occupation in importing linen yarn from Flanders for sale to the manufacturers in Glasgow and elsewhere. In 1783, in consequence of his marriage to the daughter of a rich Edinburgh merchant and banker, he was appointed agent in Glasgow of the Royal Bank of Scotland. Thereupon the watchmaker was turned out of his old quarters, that they might be converted into a banking house.

In this year also, the first year of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, Dale made other work for himself. He invited Sir Richard Arkwright to Glasgow, with his assistance selected the site of the famous New Lanark cotton mills on the Clyde, and, engaging to buy from him the exclusive right of using his spinning machine in Scotland, proceeded to expend on this enterprise most of the money he had been laying by during the previous twenty years. Just then, however, Arkwright's patent right was challenged, and David Dale was thus enabled to spend in other ways the amount he was about to pay for its use. In company with George M'Intosh and a Frenchman named Papillon, he established the first Scotch works for dyeing cotton Turkey-red; and in the same year, we are told, he joined in a large undertaking for the manufacture of cotton goods. 'The individual, who, some thirty or forty years before, was a little herdboy at Stewarton,' says his biographer, 'was now sole proprietor of, or connected as a managing partner with, several of the most extensive mercantile, manufacturing, and banking

\* Andrew Liddell, Esq., in Chambers's 'Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen,' to whom we owe most of the information about David Dale that is given above.



concerns of the country, the proper supervision of any one of which would have absorbed the entire powers of most other men. Mr. Dale, however, was eminently qualified to sustain the numerous and varied offices which he had undertaken. Every duty being attended to in its own place and at the proper time, he was never overburdened with work, nor did he ever appear to be in a hurry. We find him successfully conducting, with strict commercial integrity, all the important enterprises in which he was embarked, together with others not included in the enumeration. Besides devoting his time and money to various benevolent schemes, he discharged the onerous duties of a magistrate of the city of Glasgow, to which he was elected in 1791, and again in 1794. Moreover, every Lord's day, and sometimes on other days, he preached the Gospel to a congregational church of which he was one of the elders.' The busy merchant had been of religious disposition from the first; and about the year 1769 he and some others 'discarded, as unscriptural, church government by sessions, presbyteries, and synods, maintaining that all who possessed the qualifications for the ministry, as laid down in the apostolic writings, and who were called by their brethren to the exercise of these gifts, were not only at liberty, but were bound, to exercise them for the good of their fellow-creatures, although they had never entered the portals of a college or a divinity hall. These new views, especially when acted upon by the appointment of Mr. Dale to the ministry, raised a shout of derision. He was hooted and jostled in the streets, and many times forced to take shelter under some friendly roof. Even the meeting-house did not escape the popular dislike; stones and other missiles were hurled against it, till the windows, roof, and other parts of the building were much injured.' David Dale paid no heed to this petty persecution, however, and preached on as his conscience bade him. In so doing he lost no favour with any whose favour was worth having, as was

curiously shown during his magistracy in 1791. 'It was then and for a long time afterwards the practice of the magistrates and other civic functionaries to walk in procession to the parish church, escorted by city officers in uniform, with halberds and other tokens of authority. Mr. Dale could not, of course, accompany the procession to the parish church; but rather than allow a magistrate to go unescorted to any place of worship, it was arranged that a portion of the city officers should, in livery and with halberds, attend him to and from his own place of worship and wait upon him while there.'

Honest Dale did not suffer his religious zeal to interfere with his zealous attention to business matters; but like many other rich merchants, he was famous for his charitable disposition. During the famine years of 1783, 1791, 1792, 1793, and 1799, we learn, he chartered several ships and sent them to America, Ireland, and the Continent, there to buy all sorts of wholesome food, which, when brought to Glasgow, he caused to be sold to the poor at cost price or less. 'David Dale gives his money by sho'elfuls,' the poor people of Glasgow used to say; 'but God Almighty sho'els it back again.' And his charity found expression in all sorts of ways. Once, it is said, a young man brought to the bank, to be discounted, a draft which excited the cashier's suspicions. The matter was referred to David Dale himself, and he, on questioning the youth, soon drew from him a confession that he had forged the bill under the pressure of great want. It proved to be a reckless and foolhardy, rather than a criminal act. So, at any rate, thought the banker. He therefore pointed out to the youth the danger he had incurred and the mischief that might have arisen to others as well as himself from his rashness, and then not only destroyed the draft, and with it all proof of his guilt, but seconded his good advice with a present of some money.

When establishing the mills at New Lanark in 1783, Dale took



every care of his workpeople. He built comfortable dwellings for them, gave them good wages, and promised them constant employment. But the great prejudice then existing among the Lowland Scots against factory work made it difficult for him to get labourers enough. He had to bring from a distance great numbers of Highlanders, and also to draw from the poorhouses of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the other large towns all the orphans and pauper children who were found worthy of employment. That, by itself, was a great boon to Scotland.

These mills brought to Dale the larger part of his great wealth. But, owing to the care and anxiety that they gave him, he resolved in 1799, when he was sixty years of age, to dispose of them. To that step he was further led by a visit from the famous Robert Owen, who had raised himself from a position of poverty to one of affluence as manager of a large spinning mill at Chorlton, near Manchester. The young man had been long known to him, and now he had come, it seems, to marry the merchant's eldest daughter. It therefore was thought well that he should transfer his residence to Glasgow, and that suitable employment should be found for him. A company was accordingly formed, with Robert Owen for a chief member, which bought the business at New Larnak for a sum of 66,000*l*. Owen managed it very successfully for eight-and-twenty years. In 1814 some changes were made, and many new partners, especially Jeremy

Bentham and William Allen, the Quaker, were introduced. It was then arranged that, after five per cent. on the capital had been paid to the shareholders, all further profits should be applied to 'the religious, educational, and moral improvement of the workers and of the community at large.' The biographer of William Allen tells us that 'provision was made for the religious education of all the children of the labourers employed in the works, and that nothing should be introduced tending to disparage the Christian religion or undervalue the authority of the Holy Scriptures.' Unfortunately, differences between Robert Owen and his partners soon arose upon questions of religion and religious duty.

Before that, however, and before there was anything to cause disagreement between him and his son-in-law, good old David Dale had left Glasgow for ever. In 1782 he had built for himself a great house at the corner of Charlotte Street, at a cost of 6,000*l*. There, on the 17th of March, 1806, he died. In the sixty years that have elapsed since then, Glasgow has prospered even more rapidly than Liverpool or Manchester, through the energy of a crowd of famous merchants and manufacturers. But we must not forget that Patrick Colquhoun and David Dale were the men who, more than any others, helped to raise it out of the insignificance in which it had lain during four previous centuries.

H. R. F. B.



## TRYSTE IN THE SNOW.

A September Day II.

SILENT and swift the first snowflakes are falling  
 Through the dark glades of the myriad pines;  
 Far to the north the wild sea-birds are calling,  
 Dim in the westward the dying sun shines—  
 Pouring its rays on the grey turrets olden—  
 Turrets that crown the long weather-tried hall,  
 Where the broad windows glint daintily golden,  
 Ere the swift shades of the night can enthrall.

Cold, bitter cold! But the wind that is sweeping  
 Through the tall stems is unrecked of by me;  
 Little I heed the thick mist that is creeping  
 Slowly and surely from out by the sea.  
 Cold, bitter cold! But my heart is too glowing  
 To yield for a second to mist or to chill;  
 The elixir of love in my veins is fast flowing,  
 And it drowns the mere fancy of sorrow or ill.

Surely she'll come! Ah! as if in derision  
 Of hardly breathed doubt now there comes on my sight  
 The sweetest reality, yet such a vision  
 As poets have dreamed in their moments of light.  
 Would that the voice to my heart that has spoken,  
 Could syllable meaning and truth in this rhyme!  
 Enough that it gives me the tenderest token  
 Of love that defies change of fortune or time!

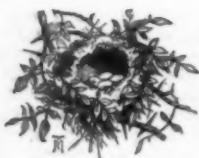
And how shall I paint her? how limn the expression  
 That lives in the light of those radiant eyes?  
 How symbol the half hid yet whole true confession  
 That comes to my heart as its exquisite prize?  
 The hazel-hued orbs in their beauty are peerless,  
 And match the brown braids that in silkiest wealth  
 Are twined. Well I know that my life would be cheerless  
 Were the picture not mine. And in glorious health

The pink flushes over the face that I cherish  
 More than aught upon earth—while defying the cold  
 It is set in the fur-bordered hood. And there periah  
 All sounds to my ears save the one that has told  
 To my heart, in the softest and tenderest fashion,  
 The truth that I hold as most valued by me,  
 Since I know that she scorns not the accents of passion,  
 Half murmured amid the wild din of the sea!

Rush on, northern breeze! though the snow-clouds are flying  
Before the fierce might of your arrowy speed,  
Although the last hours of the daylight are dying,  
No soft summer beauty of evening I need.  
My summer is here, where the troth that is plighted  
Beneath the pine-branches has given the earth  
A sunshine by which all my life shall be lighted—  
A joy that shall still be as now at its birth.

Snow clouds? *O giorno felice!* The glory  
Of love unalloyed can turn winter to spring;  
Blest! oh how much blest! be the one 'old, old story'  
To which all the gifts of mortality cling.  
Blest more be the hazel-eyed darling whose tresses  
Just faintly bestrewed with the wandering snow  
Are the bonds of my heart, while the winter's caresses  
Entangle their braids as the wild breezes blow!

W B.



## HANGING ABOUT CHARLES STREET:

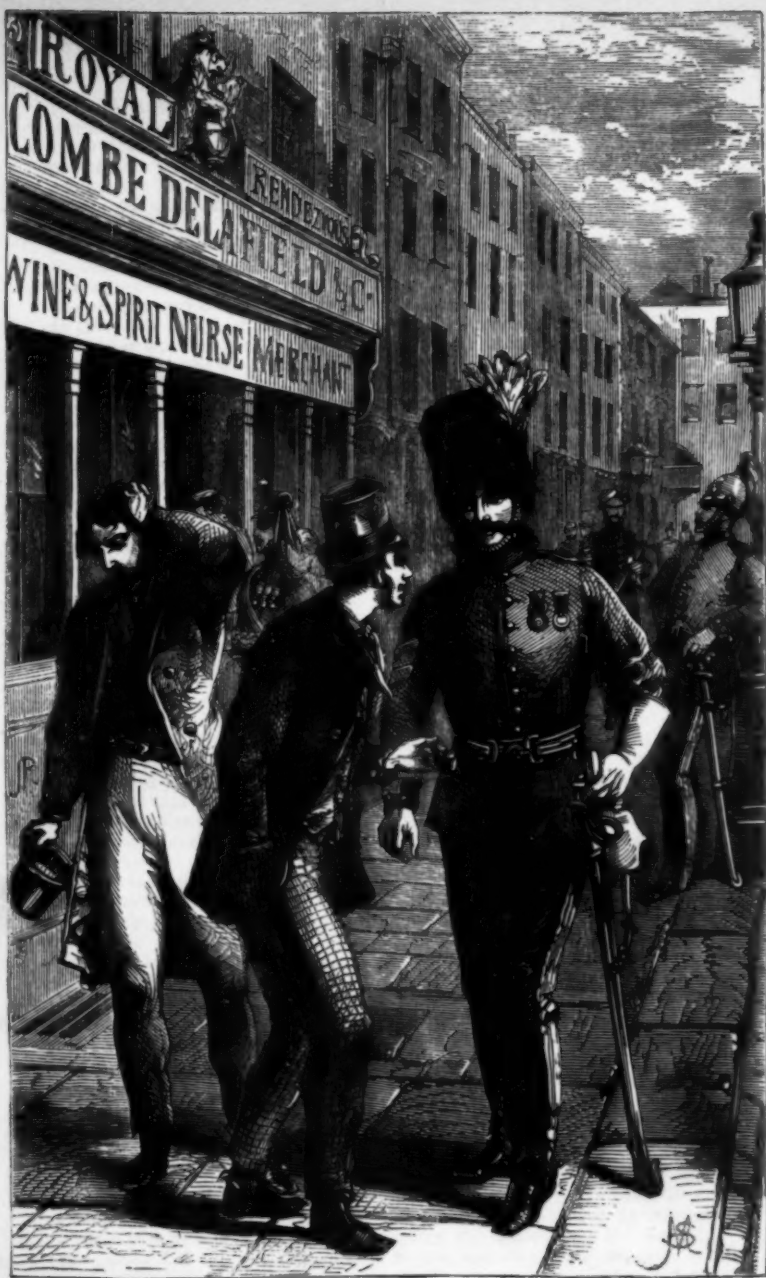
## A Recruiting Sketch.

**P**ASSING through St. James's Park just lately, I came upon a considerable company of soldiers massed on the green. I am totally unacquainted with military tactics; but evidently they were fresh from the achievement of some tremendous undertaking. Their boots were dusty, their scarlet breasts and backs showed marks of chafing of their pipeclayed shoulder-straps, and their brows were flushed and perspiring.

Whatever had been the nature of their engagement, however, it was all over now. Peace times had returned, and every man stood at complete ease. Muskets were piled, chin straps relaxed—caps, indeed, were in some few instances entirely removed—perambulators, with their infantine freight, propelled by admiring and confiding nursemaids, edged close to the men of war; old women with oranges to sell joked with them, and the meek ginger-beer seller made way for his basket amongst their military elbows, mildly chirping 'a penny a bottle' with as calm a mien as though the British army was a mere mob of muffin men. It was a sweet sight and one worthy the contemplation of the British tax-payer. We are at heart a commercial people, and like to see our worth for our money, and at the time when we open our purses; and in my opinion it would be a move in the right direction as leading to national content and harmony, if, instead of appointing Mr. Smith the ironmonger, or Mr. Robinson the pork-butcher as collectors of income-tax, if that duty were made to devolve on none but absolute representatives of the real recipients of the said impost. Who could refuse the 'fivepence in the pound' if, instead of the snappish, fussy, jack-in-office taxman of the ordinary type, a spurred and be-plumed warrior, or, perhaps, better still, a war-worn Chelsea pensioner came tapping at one's door stating his business in a frank and soldierly manner? Or if a son of Neptune, with his flow-

ing neckerchief-ends and spotless trousers was observed making for one's gate, and tacking up one's steps, and bluffly saluting one's door, hitching up the before-mentioned article of attire as it was opened to him, and touching his tarpaulin hat with the respectful remark, 'Called for your honour's mite t'ords manning the queen's navy?' Without doubt, it would be cheerfully handed over, accompanied nine times out of ten by an invitation to the mariner to step down into the kitchen and drink the health and long reign of his royal mistress—a consequence, possibly, open to objection, but easily to be divested of its most perilous features by intrusting the service to none but elderly and thoroughly seasoned salts and providing them with beats of limited extent.

Sitting aloof in the cool shade of the chestnut trees, and complacently regarding the stalwart fellows so jolly-faced and beef-full, came the reflection, where do they all come from? Taking the strength of the British army at 150,000 men, and setting down the continual wear and tear and destruction at the moderate estimate of six per cent, we have an annual loss of 9,000 men that must be and is replaced. How? Through the agency of recruiting officers quartered in garrison towns and at the chief depôt in Charles Street, Westminster. But how many are 'pressed' men and how many volunteers? By 'pressed' men may be understood not only the unwary ones, who, with no previous thought of 'going so'jering' any more than of going a balloon voyage, find themselves suddenly in company of some dashing old army jackal, who, by dint of flattery and an elaborate prose rendering of that stirring martial ditty, 'Cigars and Cogniac,' wheedles the fatal shilling into his but half-conscious hand in a twinkling. There are pressed men other than this one by the dozen. Poverty and hunger, with no eyes but for the next meal, is a



*Drawn by H. J. Melville.*

**A RECRUITING SKETCH.**

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Fig. 101

Archaeological Survey of India

Calcutta



most active recruiting agent; drunkenness is another; roguery a third; while Venus has sent more men to the ranks of Mars than all other agents put together. At the time I was about this soldiering subject, I had chats with, I think I shall be within the mark when I say sixty men wearing martial livery, and I never met with one who went into the army purely out of love for it. Of the said sixty, at least thirty joined 'in a sort of hurry and without thinking much about it one way or the other;' ten 'because they were knocking about and didn't care a button what became of 'em;' while as for the remaining twenty, they altogether evaded the question or vaguely hinted that they were 'drove to it.' I am sorry, likewise, to record that not more than six out of the sixty failed to express the wish that they had never seen a red coat, and to declare that if they might have any single desire granted, it would be to cast it off for good and all. But for that matter, there never yet was a tinker, tailor, or candlestick-maker that did not consider himself thrown away in that station of life to which cruel fate had called him, and who did not believe from the bottom of his heart that had his father apprenticed him to a thingum'bob or a what d'ye call 'em, he should have made a fortune before the age of thirty-five.

Anyhow, the army list seldom or never shows a deficiency, and without doubt there is fascination in scarlet for Britons as well as bulls. Even I, who am quite old enough to know better, have experienced this fascination. In Carlyle's 'History of Frederick II.' occurs the story of a giant soldier who was in the habit of amusing himself by permitting the little boys of Potsdam to run in and out between his legs, until one day being out of temper, as one of the privileged urchins was darting under the human bridge, the giant clapped to his knees, and killed the little chap on the instant. Just that same craving for fun with a spice of peril in it, that, as I suppose, prompted the little Prussian boys to play with their Brobdingna-

gian countryman, actuates me occasionally to pass through Charles Street, Westminster. I have to make my way past, if not between, the legs of a dozen giants, less playful maybe, but equally dangerous with the awful footguard of the 'Protestant hero's' grim old papa. There is nothing particularly rousing to the martial spirit in Charles Street as a street. In this respect it bears no comparison with Tower Hill, the chief recruiting rendezvous for the British navy. There the streets ever resound with a naval hum, and dépôt doors are constantly on the swing giving ingress to naked-throated tarry-handed sailors bent on 'signing' and making one of the 'thirty A. B. seamen wanted immediately for her Majesty's ship Rattlesnake,' as the flaming placard in the dépôt window advertises, or egress to seamen who have signed and got their advance note, and with a rollicking, homeward-bound air are hastening to change the same at the shop of obliging Lazarus Abrams, the eminent nautical clothier of Cable Street. Everywhere is jollity, everybody is his neighbour's shipmate and brother, and there pervades the whole place an exquisite cock-pit atmosphere, as of the steam of gold stewed in rum and stirred with stale tobacco-pipes. It is different in Charles Street. The air is finer and altogether more subtle—a tingling air, such as might be blown from clarions, that searches you through and through as you breathe it, and if you have the minutest seeds of martial glory anywhere about you, it finds them and stirs them up. You seem to 'sniff the battle afar off.' Doubtlessly you sniff the freer because you know that it is so very far off. If you possessed a mane you would shake it; you would neigh if you were capable. I question if any man can walk at his accustomed pace from one end of Charles Street to the other. It can't be done. He either walks along erect and with military precision, or else, conscious of his lack of mettle, he slinks along like a deserter. If I wanted to ascertain the exact amount of pluck belonging to a young fellow

I would inveigle him into Charles Street at midday and watch him narrowly, with little doubt that his gait would furnish me with the information I required.

Except for its atmosphere, however, it is as peaceful-looking a thoroughfare as can be imagined. The greengrocer, the butcher, and the milkman there follow their innocent avocations, and there is not so much gunpowder to be seen as would charge a halfpenny cracker. True, there are a few public-houses exhibiting at their doorposts and windows pictorial representations of the British soldier in every possible style of costume, executed with great dash and brilliance, and designed to settle at a glance the momentous question in the minds of the doubters and half-resolved ones. True, also, a half-dozen or so of the living originals of the pictured fancy-dress warriors may, at any hour of the day, be seen on the pavement of Charles Street; but they are not by any means the raging lions in scarlet and gold ramping about, seeking youngsters to devour, as is the vulgar error. They are not in the least ferocious, nor do they button-hole every eligible-looking passer-by, or beset him from doorways like the Jew 'barkers' at the second-hand clothes shops in Holywell Street. They saunter along with seemingly the listless air of policemen on their beat, dandily swinging their canes or twiddling their moustache like 'gentlemen taking a walk,' and with nobody's but their own ease and pleasure to care for.

No one finds out the truth of this so speedily as the 'hanger about,' the will-and-won't, the would-like-to-but-don't-like young fellow invariably to be seen in the neighbourhood. The military authorities, of course, should know best about such matters, but in my opinion many and many a soldier is lost to her Majesty's army for want of being whipped to the bank as soon as he has nibbled the bait. Day after day you may see them playing about the hooks, parted by no greater distance than the width of a street, with an anxious eye on the wary old fisher on the other side, and wishing that he

may strike, and yet he doesn't strike. If he casts a glance at the foolish fish at all, it is one that says 'What are you wasting your time about here for? why don't you be off and find something better to do?' If he were only to cross over and give the hanger about an encouraging word he might secure his carcass at the small sum of one shilling as easily as, at the same price, he could buy a pound of steak at the neighbouring butcher's. This is as it seems, but it can be scarcely true. It is the business and profit of the recruiting sergeant to hook men, and it is scarcely likely that he will fling a chance away. Perhaps his experience tells him that more fish are lost by striking too quickly than by allowing them to suck at the bait until the hook is fairly in their maws. Perhaps—for after all recruiting sergeants are but men—he has pity for the unlucky wretch, who, blinded by misfortune, is half resolved to find refuge in a barracks, out of that long and dreary lane, rank with weeds and thistles, and without a sign of a 'turning.' Perhaps, again, he has respect for the quiet and decorum of Charles Street, and would rather forego the trifling commission arising out of his bargain with such a customer, than risk the chance of being to-morrow beset at the rendezvous by the said customer's mother and sister, and possibly the young woman with whom he has quarrelled, and from whose presence he rushed to sell himself for twelvepence, all begging and appealing, and howling in chorus, for him to let poor dear penitent Augustus go. He knows his customers you may be sure.

From his experience he ought to do so at all events—the 'hangers about' especially. Oldest amongst his acquaintance is the tall, shabby-genteel young fellow, who, with compressed lips, and his right hand thrust resolutely in at the breast of his buttoned-up coat, approaches the end of the street, and then halts with military suddenness (with the vague intention may be of impressing the sergeant with his soldierly instinct) and gazes boldly into the jaws of the rendezvous. The gaze

says as plain as eyes can speak, 'Here I am! hang your bamboozling and wheedling! It's ask and have with me: come on!'

But the sergeant to whom the gaze is addressed doesn't come on. His eye dwells on the brave challenger but for an instant, and then he flicks a speck of dust off his correct trousers with his cane, wheels about, and saunters down the street, while the buttoned-up one, too proud to bent a retreat, takes refuge in a playbill outside the barber's shop, and makes believe that it was his interest in *that* that caused him to stop, and if the recruiting sergeant thought anything else he was very much mistaken. However, he remains long enough reading and re-reading the bill for the sergeant to have sauntered down the street and up again, and his heart beats hopefully, fearfully, as the precise foot-fall, and the gentle tapping of the cane on the pavement approach closer and closer. The sergeant pauses close behind him, softly whistling 'The Campbells are comin', in which melody, though but faintly odorous of war, the buttoned-up one thinks he detects a meaning. With a gasp of determination he faces round on the soldier.

'Fine morning, sergeant!'

'Hey!' very brusque and loud and not at all like the key-note of a quiet and confidential conversation.

'Nice day, isn't it?'

'Ay, ay! Mag-nificent weather, sir.'

And once more wheeling, the sergeant's back alone is visible as he renews his walk down Charles Street, while the buttoned-up one turns about in wrath against the sergeant and curses his insolence. 'By George this is pretty! To have a flunkey earning eighteenpence a day turn his back on me in that way!' And then if he is a right-minded young man, comes the reflection, 'And what, after all, is it that makes me so very angry?—why, it is that I have been baulked of the chance of becoming a considerably cheaper flunkey than he is. What a lucky escape!' If he thinks so, why so it is; but the fact is, that at a single glance the keen-eyed sergeant discovered that,

as raw material for soldier building, he wasn't worth his twelpence, no, nor sixpence, nor threepence. It is a melancholy truth, but an undeniable one, that if the buttoned-up one had said, 'Here I am; I am of not the least use to myself; take me with my clothes and seven-and-sixpence in my waistcoat pocket, to boot,' the sergeant would have wheeled off no less promptly than we have found him doing. For why? The man he buys for a shilling must have five-and-thirty inches' girth about the chest; he must have a straight leg and a bright eye; whereas, albeit the legs of the buttoned-up one were straight enough, and in all conscience long enough, he lacked the other requisites in a very marked degree. A yard measure put about his chest would lap a fair five inches, and out of his long experience, the old sergeant might have told him something much more hurtful to his feelings than he did. He might have said to him, had he been a very brutal sergeant indeed, 'You are of no use to us, sir; no foundation, sir. We don't mind spending a hundred pounds in building a soldier; but then, sir, we expect him to stand his term of lease after he is built.' It is a good thing for the widowed mother and the three little sisters of the buttoned-up one that the sergeant he addressed was not thus communicative: it is a terrible thing to go struggling on with sentence of death recorded against you.

Another 'hanger about' is one whom our sergeant detests from the very bottom of his soldierly heart, which is a pity, since he more frequently encounters him than any other. He is broad-shouldered, tall enough, and in all outward respects fit stuff to make a soldier, and he marches down the short cross street that separates Charles Street from Parliament Street, as promising a young fellow as ever stepped. Evidently it is his full intention to take the queen's shilling, and he can have it for the asking for, at the hands of any one of the half-dozen man-buyers who already have their eye on him. On he comes full sail to

the corner of Charles Street, and then he halts sudden, as though he had mistaken his way, and turns short into the turning that leads to Westminster Abbey. How can they—the recruiting officers—account for behaviour so eccentric, when he himself is at a loss to do so? After all his long consideration on the subject, and final determination too! This morning he had quite made up his mind. There was no use in striving any longer against his devilish bad luck, he would enlist that very day. Scarcely five minutes ago he passed the Horse Guards resolute, and feeling even almost enthusiastic with his plan. Now, confound it! he is as hesitating. He can't turn back, that would seem childish; but what he will do is to walk slowly, and if either of those fellows with the ribbons—they *must* have seen him—choose to come after him, why, there'll be an end of it; he is in the hands of fate, and is nobly content to abide the issue!

That is the way he pacifies his reproving conscience; but what contemptible rubbish it all is! In

the hands of fate, indeed! It always was that young man's weakness to put himself into the hands of fate. As a boy he used to toss a halfpenny, heads or tails whether or no he should play truant; but does he ever recollect a time when, the toss being against his inclination, he pocketed the piece, and bowed to fate's decree? Not he. He said the piece didn't 'spin' properly, or that it fell on its edge; anyhow, he invariably tossed and tossed again till he got what he wanted. His weakness then is his weakness now, and knowing it, no sergeant of the half a dozen is weak enough to go after him. Why should he? He will be there again to-morrow, or if not him his brother, and still again to-morrow; but he'll never enlist. The only thing that makes this shy one worth angling for, is, that if by chance he *should* be hooked, his redemption by 'smart money' (a guinea, of which the sergeant gets a big share,) is as certain as that ere he has 'slept on it,' the monstrous absurdity of the act he has perpetrated will make itself apparent to him.



## THE MODERN TOURNEY.

## A Croquet Epic.

As she moves o'er the garden in state like a queen,  
 And yet never a queen had so dainty a tread,  
 The one glimpse that I catch of a little *bottine*,  
 Is bewitching, as ruthless she Croquets the red:  
 The laburnum may droop to the green sward below,  
 And be jealous at sheen of her sun-tangled hair,  
 The jessamine blossom, and bluish-roses blow,  
 And the lily grow paler in envious despair.

And the mallet she holds is a weapon of might,  
 And her tiny kid glove is a warrior's glaive,  
 There is little to win in the gay Croquet fight,  
 For the conquest is small that is gained o'er a slave;  
 As each knight chose a lady in tourney of old,  
 And carried her colours entwined round his crest,  
 She blazoned my mallet with azure and gold,  
 The colours I know that my lady loves best.

And little I reck of the garrison swell  
 That comes to be languid and lie on the lawn,  
 I think of the Croquet together, *ma belle*,  
 Ere the dewdrops have fled at the glance of the dawn:  
 We may fight 'gainst each other in tourney to-day,  
 And I've ruth for a victory gained in the strife:  
 Will the pathway we tread be as easy a way  
 When we fight side by side in the Battle of Life?

## WAITING FOR THE DENTIST.

THE day was bright and sunny, the weekly "Punch" was funny;  
 But 'Punch' with all its charms for me had no temptation,  
 At the dentist's I was waiting, heart and courage palpitating,  
 And I cared not for the weather, in sad anticipation.

Would I were a Special Pleader! I would beg the gentle reader  
 To listen to my pleadings for some mercy to my rhyme,  
 About the thoughts that teasing, made me hot and kept me freezing,  
 Kept me mirthful, kept me mournful, all that dreary waiting time.

'Love' I thought "impetuous, seething, is another state of tooth-aching,  
 Alike we feel its torments in palace and in hut;  
 But we give up groans and sighing, break our youthful vows of  
 dying  
 For the dear, beloved object when our wisdom teeth are cut.

' Jealousy we feel for love's sake, 'tis exactly like the toothache,  
With its quick, spasmodic throbbing and its sudden fits of pain :  
Brave is he who hides this feeling, bears his anguish without squealing,  
And when the fit is over, holds his head erect again.

' To pain we are apprenticed, age is but a skilful dentist,  
He " stops " our cares and troubles with the bitter dose of death.'  
Here my similes were ended, of love and toothache blended,  
And delighted at their truth, I paused to take a breath.

' What spoony moralising ! ' cries the reader, criticising ;  
But it kept my mind employed till I heard a sort of purr,  
And a footman stood beside me, grinning covertly yet widely,  
Then quoth he with a grin—' Now my master's ready, sir ! '

C. M. H.





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Drawn by T. Morton.]

### A ROMANCE AT MARSEILLES.

"The light of the carriage lamp—it had grown dark now—glanced down from the bright hair, threw a shadow of long lashes on the pale cheek, fell on the pretty, round, white throat, but it did not look casual sleep; the mouth retained lines of anxiety and depression."

"Who is she? what is she?"

[See the Story "East and West."